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AS I KNOW THEM



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AS I KNOW THEM



SOME JEWS AND A FEW GENTILES

BY REBEKAH KOHUT

AUTHOR OF
"MY PORTION"



DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.

GARDEN CITY 1929 NEW YORK

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FIRST EDITION

TO
DR. LEOPOLD STIEGLITZ
My physician and friend

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CHAPTER I: EAST SIDE

I LOOK back to the East Side of forty years ago. Narrow streets choked with humanity. Dirt and Kropotkin. Pushcarts, flaring gas lights, and Tolstoi. Bargains and Bakúnin; crying babies, Schopenhauer, Abe Cahan; Schubert, Tschaikovsky, Karl Marx, Roosevelt. Streets of extraordinary activity and amazing contrasts. Wives haggling over their purchases, old men yearning for little towns in Poland and Russia, while their children are worrying about the Giants' batting averages. A Talmudist going into intricate disquisitions on the Law and his son learnedly expounding the science of the uppercut or the field goal. Chess, music, and the odor of fish. The week's wash on the fire escape; beds on the roof. Everything intense; ambition, poverty, hunger, mother love.

This was in New York near the end of the

Nineteenth Century; in a ghetto without walls or gates. There was misery and squalor there; misery and squalor as pitiful as that in the ghettos of Russia. But there was a new hope, a new eagerness, a new confidence. The shadow of Czarist oppression had vanished. In the light of American opportunity the future seemed—whatever man's dreams could make of it.

I should like to convey some idea of the flame of that community, a flame which was converted into so many different forms of energy, comprising almost every sentiment and outlook. Cantors' sons, full of the music which permeated their homes, became American composers and singers. The sons of rabbis became actors and prize fighters, lawyers and journalists. Tailors' sons and daughters became teachers. The baker's boy won distinction as a varsity athlete, his brother as a "mammy" singer. Their cousin, who had a newspaper route, wound up in a university chair of philosophy. They had a mutual second cousin in Sing Sing and another at the head of a training school for nurses.

But, in the midst of the turmoil, the soul of the

East Side was nourished by an inner beauty. Certainly there was no surface color to enchant the Jewish eye. But there was beauty of vision and ambition amid squalor and dirt; there was a fierce love of life; a relentless purpose to fight out of it—and up.

“Up from the East Side gutter” is a common enough phrase. There are gutters everywhere, but people do not usually rise from them in a few short years to economic freedom and professional distinction. They did it from the old East Side.

I had a visitor recently who, thirty years ago, attended my evening classes in English at the Educational Alliance. He had become a man accustomed to success; suave, confident, vigorous. He was surrounded in his Park Avenue home by people who spent their lives making gestures of tribute to his achievements. As he talked to me I evoked from the past a vision of a youth with a lean, anxious face; eyes bright with the fires of idealism and ambition. The ambition was still there.

I was flattered by his visit. It was a testimonial to our early relationship. I had taught him Eng-

lish, and that English could now sway juries in important cases. I was his "old teacher." Still I had a sense that he would not have recognized his old teacher's existence had he not believed that she too, in her way, had become "somebody." He was reluctant to talk over old times; he spoke of yachts, important cases, country homes, and of how one is always so busy.

When he described the swimming pool on his country estate I reminded him of the hot days on the East Side, when, in company with other happy young rascals, he had jumped into the East Broadway fountain, the gift of Jacob H. Schiff, while the good-natured Irish policeman had looked the other way. Although this recollection evoked a smile, it was evident that reference to his early life left him bewildered, a little annoyed, as if recalled to a world that was remote from him, a world which perhaps he preferred to forget. At any rate, he seemed to remember it with difficulty, as if he were trying to recall the life story of someone else.

"Most of the boys who went to the Educational Alliance in those days have made good," I re-

marked. "A higher average, certainly, than any other group I can think of."

"There's X," said my visitor. "Whenever he is on the other side of a case I begin to worry."

"And there's B," I suggested. "He's teaching philosophy classes out West, and critics seem to like his new book. C is general manager of a bank, K has just had his third play produced. L is head of one of the largest woolen firms."

"I've never kept in touch with them," said my visitor. "My fault wholly. Most of them were fine fellows and deserved all their success. But I can't see them. They take up too much of my time. There is one who was always getting into financial hot water. He used to annoy me at my office and trade on the fact that he was my oldest friend."

As my visitor spoke I recalled the background he had forgotten, and I tried to think of how many others I knew like him who had traveled a long way from the East Side. Do they all want to forget? I suppose it is all right if they do. There is no special virtue in remembering things unpleasant merely because they are unpleasant.

I am an advocate of sentiment, but there is no particular necessity for loyalty to a district just because one spent part of one's youth there. Our loyalty is to what we love. And my memory now turns back fondly to the old East Side because it warmed my heart.

There was a spirit there, a feeling that the earth was full of promise, that America was the salvation of the world; a feeling that great things were to happen, that from this little quarter, ugly as it was, there might come a beauty that would shine radiantly for mankind.

The energy of the young men and women! Working all day at mean and ill-paid tasks, and then studying furiously at night to fit themselves for higher things. Really to have seen eager faces, to understand the excitement generated by that eagerness, one must needs have paid a visit to one of the night schools of thirty years ago before workers knew the blessings of the eight-hour day or factory sanitation. That eagerness, that spirit, I look upon as one of the glories of my time.

When my Park Avenue visitor left me I wondered whether he had not lost something precious

during his upward progress toward the summit of his ambitions. There was a hard quality about him which I did not recall in his youth. I could picture him fighting for eminence to the last gasp. He saw the world as centering in himself, ignoring the fact that his driving force, determination, and intellectual grasp were a heritage from his ancestors, who, under adverse conditions, had developed energy, character, and intelligence through many generations. His best qualities were those of his people, molded under stress, fortified by a strength-giving religion, and a code which fed intellects, gave will to endure, and put character into backbones.

Many of our people, rising to great heights among men, owe their success to the driving force of Israel's determination to live and flourish, but I see them now frequently living upon their spiritual capital and squandering it, without replenishment. I wonder about their offspring, cut off from the spiritual nourishment of their ancestors. What will they be like? Rudderless ships? Soulless automata?

God had been left out of my visitor's Park

Avenue home. His children? Well, they are people who try to ignore the fact that they are Jews. My hope is not in them.

This visitor of mine was one East Side youth. What of the others, the hundreds of thousands who had been through the same hard school? What is their status now, their outlook, their measure of material achievement and spiritual compromise? Is their story tragic or glorious? It is undoubtedly dramatic.

I am not a judge in Israel. I have had my own defeats as well as successes. I have, however, been so situated for forty years that thousands of lives have crossed my own, and they have been added to my store of consciousness. Though I myself was not of the East Side, I at least served it. I was there almost from the start of the incoming wave of Russian Jewry. The East Side is not only in my memory, but in my blood, my life.

I try to picture that great unwallled ghetto—a million persons entering it upon equal terms, all with virtually the same background of experience and environment. Most of them were ortho-

dox and had known discrimination and oppression in varying degrees. They were all poor, but they all had some ideal conception of America as the new paradise. Eagerness in their hearts, courage in their souls, determination in their minds.

As I seek to visualize them it seems to me that I am standing at the old immigrant station at Castle Garden watching a million Jews come ashore, each with a little bundle of dreams, experiences, and beliefs. Most of the men, by some strange illusion, seem to have the face of my lawyer friend as a youth at the Educational Alliance. Young and old, bearded and clean-shaven, they are the same. It is because of the intense burning light that glows in their eyes. Simple folk, almost all of them. But what have forty years done to their simplicity? Look now at the confusion, the countless detours, the scattering, the bewildering complexities.

Two generations have passed through the East Side. They had unity when they entered it. And now they are Orthodox, Conservative, Reformed, Uptown and Downtown, Radical and Standpat,

Christian Science, Ethical Culture and Community Church, Episcopalian, Zionist and Anti-Zionist, Soap-Box and Golf-Bag.

From the start the new environment created havoc with ancient tradition. How well I recall the futile struggle of many orthodox Jews to hold themselves and their families to ritual and custom sanctified throughout the ages. Many turned their backs upon all economic success by adhering strictly to their creed, while others forged ahead rapidly, in a financial if not in a spiritual sense, mislaying their religion *en route*.

This problem of orthodox tradition and American opportunity was the first that the immigrant had to face. But soon enough there was another, which increased in gravity as time went on, embittering the lives of most of those who had arrived here in mature years. This was the breach of understanding between parents and children, due to each speaking a different language and to each having been reared to different standards. Americanism, while a necessary process, was assimilated more rapidly by the children than by their elders, widening the breach

perceptibly and irreparably, for that generation at least.

Cut off from the spiritual nourishment of religion, many of these children were not strong enough, or did not have enough vision and ambition, to overcome the unhealthy factors in their environment. They joined the cohorts of vice and crime and became the hireling thugs whose lurid gang doings filled the pages of newspapers with sensational stories.

Yes, there is heartbreak as well as glory in this tale of forty years in New York; heartbreak for all who cherish the honor of the family of Israel. But in spite of the chaotic changes in my time, in spite of wanderings from the synagogue, in spite of present-date restlessness, one sees the family unite splendidly whenever it is a matter of helping the suffering Jew anywhere. This is the thing that brings us all together. The heart of the family of Israel is sound. And the physical appearance of the family has improved mightily.

Could the immigrant of forty years ago meet at the pier the product of forty years of American life, he would hardly recognize him. A new out-

look has come into being, and it has changed the Jew's physical appearance. His children, indulging more in athletics than did their parents, are taller. They may know more about the sporting finals than about the Talmud, but they are stronger.

Many who arrived with only a few dollars now possess millions. Some who knew no word of English have won national recognition for their excellence in its use. Industries are among us which are almost exclusively Jewish in their make-up. Even the immigrant Jew's imperfect use of English has been handsomely capitalized by such writers as Milt Gross and Montague Glass, who see therein a rich field of humor. A whole new Jewish world exists: a world immeasurably richer, immeasurably healthier.

What was there about this East Side Jew to account for the way in which he worked himself out of his mean dwellings and hard existence?

One friend of mine says it is because the Jew has never reconciled himself to poverty and that his reaction to any opportunity to escape economic misery is almost automatic. Later, when

he is no longer in poverty, his drive is lessened, he loses the original force which carried him out of squalor, and his children often become diletantes and dabblers.

There are families of other races that have lived in the slums for generations, too stupefied to try to better their lot. But wherever opportunity is more or less free the Jew quickly leaves mean quarters for better ones. It would be a hard task for anyone to go through the East Side now and find an entire Jewish family that has been living there continuously for twenty-five years.

Still, the old East Side was not all misery, squalor, ambition, and dreams. There was fun to be had there. When lessons were over at the Educational Alliance there were delightful visits to the cafés on Grand or Canal streets or East Broadway, where life began about eleven o'clock. I used to make these visits with boys of my class. Boys? They were really men, so old were they for their years. After long hours in the sweatshops and schools, men and women were no longer part of the machine. They lived, expanded, and had their being. You would see a man who was a

clothing cutter by day but a poet by night, or a philosopher, or an orator, enchanted by the sound of his own voice. Whatever a man's forte or foible, there was always an audience for him in the East Side cafés. One met journalists, scholars, agitators, mild-eyed anarchists and fierce-visaged pacifists, musicians, politicians: all colorful.

Often there would be a party of slummers. We used to scorn them. But many of these visitors have since justified their slumming habits. They were not coming to look at the freaks. A little pathetically, they were seeking the warmth and stimulation of people who had ideas, and who were not forbidden by social habit to express them. With the café habitués, everything was expressed. They loved to talk and bare their souls. It was good talk: honest, open, full of feeling and imagination.

I used to share the excitement of other visitors when I entered the old ghetto section. I was living at the time in Beekman Place; calm, quiet, sedate; a home of the Age of Innocence. When I went of evenings to my classes in the Educational Alliance I felt that I was entering another

city; yes, another country. I saw the faces of Eastern sages bent over pushcarts, amid a harmony of smells and a riot of color; pushcarts loaded down with old brass from Russia that would command fabulous prices on Madison Avenue to-day; ceremonial objects, perhaps from Jerusalem itself, guarded through ages and now sold to allay hunger; fine copies of rare Hebrew books, the purchase of which was within the reach of almost the poorest rabbi or scholar. The prevalence of these pushcarts in such large numbers spelled the change in the fortunes and poverty of the immigrant. There were pawnshops at almost every corner, and into them were poured the treasures of generations.

The housing problem of those early days was simplified by the fact that almost as fast as new immigrants came their predecessors had prospered quickly enough to move out into better equipped buildings in other parts of the city, leaving their old haunts to be filled by newcomers.

To-day it is all just a district, without much color or life. Or perhaps there is still glamor

there, but for me it has gone. I visit that infuriate country again. The streets still exist and look much the same as they did at the start of the century. The brownstone and brick building of the Educational Alliance is exactly where I left it at East Broadway and Jefferson Street. It serves the same purpose as when I taught there; a recreation center, classes in English, civics, commercial subjects, concerts, political meetings, lectures on literature and the arts. The Americanization process still goes on, and perhaps it is as dramatic as it was in other days. But this I find hard to believe.

In those other days dreams haunted the streets and inhabited the tiny rooms. Intelligence came to flower, as though warmed by some unseen sun and nourished by an unknown inner power. There was social as well as business and poetic vision. Samuel Gompers found some of his ablest fighters in that quarter. It was there that Rose Pastor and Rose Schneiderman began their careers, fighting for their own betterment and that of the community in which they lived. The number of soap-box orators was enormous. Every

corner, every night, every conceivable subject, and everyone for an audience. It seemed as if the floodgates of speech, which had been dammed in Czarist Russia, had been opened and torrents of talk let loose.

The soap-box orators were most generally concerned with exposing the hideous sweatshop conditions. They were called agitators and looked upon as dangerous radicals. In polite circles it was considered disreputable to be sympathetic. So vociferous were these orators that a suspicion still lingers in the minds of many people that the Russian Jew in America spends most of his time denouncing American institutions. And all because he was loud in demanding what Theodore Roosevelt demanded for everyone—"a square deal." Although considered at the time alien to Americanism, these orators, already American citizens, were in fact making a very valuable contribution toward social improvement. And when improvement can be made let us hope that there will always be Americans to agitate for it.

Of course, in this war for human betterment a certain amount of harm was done. Many of the

immigrants were naturally unable to adapt themselves at once to their new freedom. When a wave of anarchy swept the country many Jews went too far and lost their balance. Poverty makes rebels, when it does not make personal salvationists or aggressive realists.

To me the saddest aspect of this period of anarchy was the fact that Jews who were caught up in it were swept adrift from the religion of their fathers. The struggle for economic security was confused with the restrictions of religion. The Anarchist organ gave itself over to ridicule of religion on the holiest day of the year.

To counteract this tendency, the Jews who had made great sacrifices for their religion quickly came to save their brethren. The Jew always answers in the affirmative to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Perhaps, if he answers in the negative, he feels in his heart a sense of betrayal. He prefers not to face the world with the brand of Cain upon him. More synagogues and more religious literature were offered and almost flung at these young atheists.

Frequently those Jews who were most violent

in their revolt against the laws of God and country seemed to be the most brilliant intellectually. Ungovernable, erratic, they constituted a type created as a direct reaction from Russian persecution.

It is a far cry from the street gatherings of the 'eighties and the 'nineties to the well-organized labor unions of to-day. The cries and shrieks of misery and distress have been, in the main, answered.

The immigrants who succeeded these early erratic people were generally better prepared for American realities. They did not picture the Land of the Free and the Sidewalks of New York in terms of a New Paradise and Golden City where milk and honey would be given to them like manna. They did not come to suffer anguished disillusion before they understood that this was a land of hard work and intense competition. Usually relatives or friends had prepared the way for them to better their economic condition. But always there were the penniless and homeless, who showed the influence of ghetto life at its worst, both externally and spiritually.

Since the World War the type of Jewish immigrant has changed decidedly. These newcomers are seldom the product of the ghettos. Frequently they represent the intelligentsia of Europe: artists, professors, teachers, physicians, lawyers, and statesmen. European culture is flowing into us in a still, small stream through these men. They are not noisy, they are not vociferous, but their influence is bound to be felt.

It is a far cry from the early days. The East Side begins to thin out as to population. It seems to have thinned out as to life. Hebrew signs are still predominant. Semitic faces are there in great numbers, but the East Side no longer teems with them. The Mediterraneans are now becoming in the ascendant. In many spots new brick dwellings have replaced the dingy brownstone. What is it we miss?

Emotion, movement, intensity, and, above all else, a silent, unseen, rapidly developing power that remains unrecorded even at this hour, for its flowering has not yet come to pass, and that is the establishment of a new type of Jew, grow-

ing up side by side as an equal in all things to his Gentile neighbors, unhampered by restraints that do not fit the American scheme of things, developed through a Judaism adaptable to the times in which we live, a Judaism that will encourage the young generation which at this moment is growing into its prime, to develop its strength without handicaps.

Truly, I believe the flame we saw burning in the darkness of the old East Side indicated a new dawn.

CHAPTER II: SAVIORS OF JUDAISM

WHEN I suggested beginning this book with a chapter of comments on the Jews of New York's East Side ghetto, a friend commented: "But why begin with the East Side, and with the most recent immigrants? There is a West Side, too. Your story should cover two and a half centuries in America. There is enough dramatic material in the record to make a dazzling display. Begin with the *Sephardim* (Spanish and Portuguese Jews) and their part in the early life of the nation; how they supported the Revolution with sword, purse, and utterance. Tell of the achievements of Gershom Mendes Seixas, the patriot-minister of the Revolution; Colonel Isaac Franks, Washington's aide; Haym Salomon, the reputed financier of the War of Independence. Bring in "Commodore" Uriah P. Levy and his great record in the U. S. Navy; Judah Touro and the Bunker Hill Monument; Major Mordecai

Manuel Noah and the brilliant part he played in the life of old New York. Then there is Rebecca Gratz, whom Scott is said to have used as a model when he created the character of Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*. Some of her letters recently discovered among the family records of Henry Clay are being published by Dr. David Philipson.

“Trace the growth of the nation,” my adviser continued, “and show Israel’s part in its development—commercial, industrial, political. Then introduce the German Jews and their great men with their interest in charitable works and good government. Bring in the Civil War and service of the Jew in both camps—Judah P. Benjamin and the others. From that point on you can mention a host of outstanding individuals: Isaac M. Wise, Michael Heilprin, Emma Lazarus, Simon Wolf, Simon Baruch, Abraham Jacobi, Jacob H. Schiff, Isidor, Oscar, and Nathan Straus, Louis Marshall, Julius Rosenwald, Stephen S. Wise. Then, with this solid foundation laid and this interesting background established, you can introduce the Russian Jews and then the East Side. You see, the Russian Jews are so new

in things American. Begin with them, the last to arrive, and the first impression upon the mind of the non-Jewish reader would be that the Jews are all newcomers here; that they all arrived within the last thirty years. That prompts him to irritating talk about foreigners and 'The Jewish Problem' and to ask 'Why don't the Jews assimilate?' That is a favorite question nowadays. You must start your work by pointing out that the Jews have been here since the Sixteenth Century; that there were Inquisition-driven Jews on the soil of the New World, in the Philippines, Mexico and Peru and La Plata, before the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers; and that the Jews became part of the lifeblood of the nation long before the fathers of many of their critics came here. Indeed, they helped finance the voyages of Columbus, and several came over in his crew. And it is even asserted by some historians that Columbus himself was of Spanish-Jewish lineage."

I replied that it was not my intention to write a history, and that I did not feel that the recent immigrant needed the background of a brilliant

past to serve as an apology for him. He needs no apology; merely explanation. My purpose is to write of the Jew as he is to-day in America; to clarify him and his problems; to clarify him for myself as well as for others. As he is, I think he is a pretty good sort of individual. I hope to explain him and never to apologize for him; to explain him in terms of my own experience.

Unlike many of his critics, I am unable to construct a character out of my imagination and say, "Behold! Here is *the Jew*." Would the character be Justice Brandeis or Chief Judge Cardozo of the New York Court of Appeals or the Jewish malefactor whose offenses they are sometimes called upon to review? Would it be the conservative Louis Marshall or the liberal Stephen S. Wise or the anarchist Emma Goldman? What picture does the word Jew convey to your mind? Is he a mighty man who changes the history of the world by the power of his intellect as Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, Henri Bergson, and Albert Einstein changed history by their ideas in economics, philosophy, psychology, and physics? Is he a thinker like Spinoza, a scientist

like Michelson, a composer like Mendelssohn? Or do you see him triumphing with a bow like Heifetz or a blow like Bennie Leonard? The one thing positive about the Jew is his lack of uniformity.

In the East, where the Jews originated ages ago, there may have been a period when they were on a fairly even balance. Perhaps during their early tribal days the majority of them reached a common level of intellectual stature. They harbored the same opinions, indulged in the same tastes, looked upon life in the same way. Had they been a people who remained within the limits of a certain territory, their development might have been uniform. It would have had its rise, its periods of blossoming and fruitfulness; perhaps its decay. But they were not destined to remain in one place. Scattered among the nations, they lived under widely varying conditions; they absorbed antipodean cultures; adapted themselves with aptitude to new customs. Living in Palestine, they were surrounded by political enemies, the Amalekites, the Philistines, the Amorites. Always they faced tremend-

ous pressure to accept a vassal's yoke and the conqueror's religion. That many, faint of heart, went over to the other side, may be taken for granted. It has been known to happen even in our own day.

The culture of the Jews always fluctuated in accordance with that of the country in which they had settled. Or rather it fluctuated according to the attitude of their hosts.

The Jews brought with them everywhere a vital, sustaining, persistent creed and ritual, and they had a culture and literature and tradition based upon that creed. It gave them a vitality to which an attitude of indifference was impossible. One country might be hospitably inclined toward them, consciously enjoying the expansive feeling of generosity and tolerant liberalism. One country might be consciously hostile, although not always aware of the true reasons therefor.

When the Jews met with tolerance they sought to become as much like their hosts as possible. They adopted the customs and developed the spirit of those among whom they lived. To the commerce and scholarship of these nations they

devoted their enterprise and boldness, their flair for experimentation and research.

When they experienced intolerance and cruelty they retreated within themselves, falling back the more strongly upon those teachings and observances which constituted their original sources of life. Even in their constraint, these sources were enough to live by. They were not narrow sources. They had been expanded and enriched, through debate and commentary and scholarly devotion. A whole routine of life had been elaborated; a routine in which the affairs of the outer world had no part.

At all times this parallel was working itself out in different parts of the world: assimilatory expansion, contractive separatism. For it appears that at no time has the treatment of Jews by the nations been wholly of a piece. Perhaps that is why they are so vividly a people of extreme contrasts. In one country they may be seen advancing brilliantly and using all their talents. In another, weighed down by oppression, they live solely upon the reserve strength of their spiritual strong box. Hence, this contrasting

picture of Jews adapting themselves to the ways of their neighbors while others of the same faith keep strictly to themselves, trying to be as Jewish as possible.

Nor does the picture remain ever the same. The march of events, wars, the birth of new movements and new religions, reaction, the shifting of world spheres of influence and energy, brought changed circumstances. Those Jews who had flourished most brilliantly came to a halt, were ringed in by walls of oppression, and returned to their original life-giving sources as prodigals to a long-neglected mother. Elsewhere, their hitherto less-favored brethren, now enjoying more benign treatment, emerged from their spiritual and worldly seclusion. They signaled their appearance with prodigious feats of energy. It was like a field enriched through lying fallow, which produced a bumper crop at the first re-seeding. It was rebirth and new life. In commerce, the arts, and sciences they poured out their talents before an astonished world. This energy, bringing fruitful results in an incredibly short time, often created antipathies through

its rapidity, laying the groundwork for future enmities and further repetitions of the cycle of tolerance and intolerance.

Thus it has been, not only since the fall of Jerusalem and the beginning of Christianity, but long before those events came to pass. While Babylon indulged its mood of persecution, Persia encouraged Jewish settlers. Later, when Rome laid a heavy yoke upon the people of Palestine, the sentiment in Babylon had changed to friendly welcome; the Babylonian community thrived and became a center of learning. When Christian Europe began its centuries of persecution the Moors offered a haven and great opportunities for development, and the Jews thus assisted in the building up of the cities of Seville, Cordova, Toledo; in the extension of trade, in the founding of universities. While the Jews who had settled in the German cities were undergoing the most horrible massacres and expulsion, their co-religionists in Spain were enjoying one of the most brilliant chapters in their history. In all the activities by which a nation becomes great and respected they played an important part.

They were kings' physicians, kings' chamberlains, governors, treasurers. In one province most of the nobles were of Jewish origin. But the establishment of the Inquisition and its culminating ferocity put an end to the Jewish chapter in Spain. For the *Marranos* (secret Jews) torture and the auto-da-fé; for the worshipping Jews, expulsion; for both, confiscation of property. But there was a new refuge, Holland, which had freed itself from Spanish domination; and those who could escape from Spain and go there were assured of a welcome. They helped greatly toward the brilliant ascendancy of the Dutch Republic. Others went to South America and the West Indies, and then to North America, the first arrivals at New York being when it was a Dutch colony under the rule of Peter Stuyvesant. And while for two centuries Spanish and Portuguese, and then German Jews, were becoming part of the democracy of the New World, the groundwork for new sufferings was being laid in eastern Europe, in Russia and Poland. In settling upon Polish territory in their flight from German persecutions several centuries before,

thousands had placed themselves in what was to become the most precarious position in Europe. They were on the battle ground of future wars, and army after army, first on one side, then the other, would pillage and massacre them. Even in times of peace their position as the middle class, between the Polish serf and the Polish landholding nobility, would make them the scapegoat for economic troubles.

What has happened because of this wide disparity between the situation of Jews in various parts of the world? Students point out that the attrition caused by assimilation at some points is made up for by the stiffening of the line elsewhere. They find that this disparity has preserved the identity and vitality of the race through a constant process of rejuvenation. The old religion was reëmbaced with enthusiasm usually enjoyed by a new one. It gave the worshiper a new lease on life and the strength to withstand hostility. There were always Jews being absorbed by other creeds and other nations, but the religion and the race were assured of permanence and power through those who wor-

shipped with intensity in physical and spiritual seclusion.

Let there be no mistaken notions. This is not a pæan to persecution. If the race could only exist through persecution; if the identity was the only significant thing about that preservation, I would have my doubts as to whether the suffering of even one Jew was worth it. But it was more than persecution that kept it alive; and it was more than identity that was preserved. It was the soul of a people.

. Whether hostility had saved their identity or whether they remained Jews through choice is beside the question. What is important is that an idea is stronger than force; that mere force is powerless against any idea which persists. Call it the determination to preserve a religion, call it faith in the Book, call it merely the *will to live*, it remains indubitable that these Jews of the shut-in lives had saved Judaism.

“Saved Judaism!” It sounds heroic, like shock troops going to the front. But they would have been the last persons in the world to regard themselves as heroic. What they did was as

natural to them as breathing. They were ready to submit to torture or give up their lives, if necessary, with less anguish of spirit than attends a Jewish-Episcopalian hostess wondering whether to invite her strictly Jewish relatives. It was not persecution that gave them that fortitude, but Judaism.

To themselves they were not heroes. They had lived very ordinary lives according to the Law, but so fortified by their communal religious system that there was no question about it being the chief thing they had to live for. In faith, in the words of their sages, in the stories of their fathers, they had found the wherewithal of being. Through the tradition that the study of the Law was the highest calling in life they were assured of a race of men who would know the Law and pride themselves on their knowledge of it. In the synagogue experts tilted at each other and split hairs while auditors reveled in their intellectual dexterity. The outside world was forgotten.

They were all nurtured in the synagogue, they knew the Torah, and the light of the seven-

branched Menorah was reflected in their eyes. They first saw the light, actual or spiritual, within ghetto walls. They knew from childhood that outside was a hostile force, and they did not have to live many years in order to realize that they were at the mercy of a ruler or mob. But life and faith had to go on whether menace was at their gate or not. They steeled themselves to ignore the menace. They did not even seek to understand it or combat it. It happened; they were cut down; that was all.

CHAPTER III: THE NEWCOMERS

MANY Jews whose families have spent generations becoming part of the life of a country feel discouraged when co-religionists arrive from other countries: co-religionists who are “green-horns,” new to everything. The long-settled resident winces when he views the stranger, when he hears him trying clumsily to speak the new language. It has taken him and his family considerable time to adapt themselves, to be recognized by the other inhabitants as one of themselves. Now come these foreign brethren who must go through the same process. As he looks at the raw material he wonders, is filled with doubt. Can they ever become like himself? Will it not take generations? He wishes a generation were a minute, so that he might turn his head away for two minutes and then find the immigrant completely adapted; poised, polished, versed in good form.

Why doesn't the newcomer hurry up? Why doesn't he improve that accent? Why does he speak so loudly? If only he would make haste! The long-settled Jew is ready to become intolerant. It is the intolerance of fear. He sees prejudice arising because of the newcomer; he sees that prejudice extending to all members of the race; he becomes panicky.

Petty? Perhaps. Also human. And nothing to apologize for, unless one wishes to make apologies for the human race. The Jews hold no monopoly on either the virtues or the faults of mankind, although more excuses can perhaps be made for them because of their special position. Snobbishness is international, but in the case of the Jew there are other motives. The tribal attitude is at work. Not *his* tribal attitude, I must explain, but the attitude in regard to him; an attitude to which in the end the whole race is obliged to react.

It is a long time since Israel was a nomad tribe living in tents, when the law of the tribe demanded that all the members assume responsibility for the actions of any one member of the

tribe. Though the tribe has vanished, with the conditions that created it, there still persists a viewpoint of the Jews as a tribe; the viewpoint that all of them must be held accountable for the acts of any one of them. Because the Jew is criticized and attacked as a tribe, he is obliged to defend himself as a tribe, whether he likes it or not.

An analogy. The concern of one Jew over the manners and actions of another is similar to that of an American living abroad who has adapted himself to foreign ways, and who prides himself on being a cosmopolitan, at least on being Continental. Often, like the late Henry James, he feels genuinely pained in the presence of his compatriots, if they happen to be tourists. They are unfamiliar with the country they are in. They seem to him to be *gauche*, to speak too loudly, to be ignorant of good European form. His eyes roll in anguish, and his countenance seems to say to waiters and foreign friends: "Please don't confound me with these others. I'm not a tourist. I'm a cosmopolitan." Or they tell him in that obviously flattering way, "You're not like your

countrymen," in the same way that Gentiles used to say to Spanish Jews, "You're not like these German Jews," and a century later to the already adapted German Jews, "I like the German Jews, but I can't stand these Jews from Rooshia!"

The American tourists irritate the expatriate. But in actuality any one of these "green" visitors may be his superior in the qualities that go to make up character. For the moment, the visitors are absent from their customary background in the homeland and are seen at a disadvantage.

How accept this? Take what attitude? The genuine way, it seems to me, is to be responsible for one's self only, whether American abroad or Jew anywhere. Most Jews would be glad to do this. But are they able to? Are they permitted to? When the majority is in a mood to dislike, the Jews usually find themselves regarded *en masse*. A crime committed by a Jew of low character may react against the noblest of his race; one, perhaps, who has devoted his life to the welfare of others. Walter Rathenau, the German Foreign Minister, who had consecrated himself to the

saving of post-war Germany, was assassinated solely because he was a Jew. Anti-Semitism has that inclusive character.

Whether we will or no, the consciousness of our Jewishness is forced upon us. We may glory in it, we may try to evade it, but it is inescapable. We are forced to consider ourselves as one tribe. We are the family of Israel. And, as in all families, there are certain members we would rather not mention. There are many of our brethren who cause us acute distress. But even when they are not on speaking terms with us, even when they have renounced Judaism and have become Christianized or turned into atheists, they are still recognized as Jews. They remain members of the family. Where other Jews are, there is home.

"Home," said Robert Frost in *North of Boston*, "is a place where they've got to take you in." It is the best definition I know. You've got to take in members of the family. You may not like them; you may even resent them; but when they come to you and ask for shelter you've got to take them in.

It is doubly hard when the members of the family are strangers to each other, when they do not speak the same language, when their cultural backgrounds are ages apart. It creates an awkward feeling. But persecution has ever driven the Jew on to seek a home with his brethren. In recent centuries it occurred notably at Amsterdam, when the already-settled Spanish and Portuguese Jews received with coolness the refugees from the German ghettos. They saw themselves as hidalgos of Spain who had known rank, station, power. Cultivated, accomplished, wealthy, they knew themselves as aristocrats among the Jews. The newcomers were of a more humble stamp. They had led a harassed, separate existence and were without splendor. They spoke not only another language but another patois.

In America the story has been repeated twice. The first to arrive were the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, settling at New York and Newport. By the time of the War for Independence they were an integral part of the community. The Nineteenth Century saw them well established. Then came a co-religionist of another sort: the

German Jew; a foreigner; one of the *Ashkenazim*, who spoke German or the Yiddish jargon. Certainly the Spanish Jew did not feel very closely drawn toward him. They had no common medium of expression. These might have been men and women of the same religion, but the Spanish Jew felt much nearer to the Gentiles of his own locality. He wondered if these newcomers ever could become adapted to the ways of the country. He hated to assume responsibility for them as a fellow Jew, but nevertheless he did. The tribal influence.

These new immigrants began to arrive as soon as Napoleon's downfall brought on reaction in Europe. Their numbers increased after the unsuccessful revolution of 1848 had resulted in another wave of reaction. They continued to arrive in great numbers until about the 1870's.

The German Jew smarted at first under the attitude of superiority assumed by his co-religionists already here. But he had other things to concern him. There was his living to make; a home to establish. He was more enterprising than the earlier arrivals. He worked harder.

Having as yet no appearance to keep up, no position to maintain, he was willing to undertake the humblest tasks. He became an itinerant peddler or a tailor. If his venture prospered he opened a clothing shop or a general trading store in some village, and perhaps later a small department store. It was from among the early German Jewish arrivals that the department store kings of to-day originated. Because, fresh with pioneer energy, they came in with the century which was to develop the world industrially and commercially, they were in a much more advantageous position than their predecessors. They profited from the country's expansion, the opening of new frontiers, and the steady development in trade. Within a generation they and the *Sephardim* were on equal terms. They had become Americanized. They were alive to American problems; lived well and dressed well. Their children's English, if not their own, was without foreign accent. The *Sephardim* could no longer patronize them. Marriages occurred between the young people of the two branches.

In the early 1880's immigration from Russian

Jewry began. Following the assassination of Alexander II, who had liberated the serfs, a terrible reaction set in. As reaction, in Russia as elsewhere, was usually accompanied by anti-Jewish depredations, there was much sorrow and suffering. All the passions of the mob were unleashed deliberately by the government, which instituted a pogrom policy, inspired a whole series of massacres, and superintended their carrying out. The government seemed to be concentrating upon crushing all minorities, and especially the Jews. Restrictive legislation was passed, confining residence in Russia within the Pale of Settlement. Pobiednostseff, the procurator of the Holy Synod, made the statement that Russia would induce a third of the Jewish population to emigrate, would massacre another third, and would convert the remainder.

The Russian immigration, commencing in the 'eighties, reached its peak two decades later, and continued until 1914. When it began the German Jew looked with wonder and doubt upon the thousands of arriving strangers. The period of the German-Spanish coolness was long

since over and forgotten. The German was preëminent. He had become a merchant prince, a factor in politics and good government, an art patron, a founder of great charities, a citizen wholly desirable.

The German welcome of the Russian Jew was of two kinds. The rank and file, the small business man and worker, were not overcordial. Besides the menace of the newcomer as a competitor in their own lines, they looked upon him as certainly not being in a social class with themselves. He was the poor relation, for whom one had to apologize.

On the other hand, the leading German Jews felt their racial responsibility and sought to do all in their power for the newcomers. It did not need personal association with such men as Mr. Schiff, the Strauses, Michael Heilprin, Simon Wolf, and later Louis Marshall, to be assured that they regarded the welfare of the new immigrants as a sacred trust. These men, of the noblest type of their race, recognized Israel as a family.

It was not only the Russians who were arriv-

ing in this great overseas migration. More Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians were coming. There were great numbers of Poles, Roumanians, and Levantines. Every nation contributed numbers and complications. Husbands and fathers of families arrived alone, hoping that overnight they could send for their families. The steamship companies had started their propaganda, reaching out to the smallest villages to attract more and more people who would be packed into dreadful steerage quarters *en route* to the still more dreadful New York tenements.

I remember a family starting life in America in one room in Essex Street. They had just arrived, and the thought of the pleasant little home they had left in the country near Odessa made them sick at heart. But suddenly their faces brightened. They crowded to the window to lean out and look down at the crowds in the street. There was music, a torchlight procession; a good old-fashioned, rousing political meeting. The music stopped. A soap-box orator harangued the mob. Flags were flying. I explained our quaint system of stirring up political sentiment.

"They will let you stand up and say just what you really think?" the mother asked incredulously.

"This is the land of the free!" I said proudly.

"It's terrible, but I'm glad we've come," she said.

And it was terrible, in that dark tenement room. But, with freedom, the spirit of a crushed people was being released. A strange gladness came into people's hearts. And out of it came a miracle. That miracle is the Russian Jew.

Unlettered, unschooled in English, the Russian Jew is now prominent in the American universities and the learned professions. Ragged and hungry, in a short time he becomes a picture of opulence. A genius at driving a bargain and as shrewd as any Yankee, soon he turns into the most important patron of arts and letters, until one wonders what would become of literature and the life of culture in America without his support. He is ostentatious, because he is using a power newly acquired. But his children, one generation removed, are using the Harvard or Oxford manner. While he is the rankest ma-

terialist, he is also the greatest dreamer. Already he is impressing himself upon America as *the Jew*.

The Spanish Jews, as such, are largely nonexistent, due to not marrying—many were too proud to marry outside of their own kind and went to their graves unwed—or due to marrying outside of their caste. Those *Sephardic* families that have survived through the generations—such as the Cardozo, Nathan, Poole, Peixotto Mendes families—are among the most distinguished in American life. But their number is small compared with those of Central European and Slavic origin.

When the Russian Jews arrived they at first willingly accepted the leadership of the distinguished German Jews who offered to help them. But, notable for independence of spirit, they were not easily led. They wanted to work out their own destiny. What they have done in America, for better or worse, is their own achievement. The trade unions that they developed out of the bitterness of sweatshop days are the result

of the determination of these Russians to starve rather than surrender in a fight.

Thrift was the chief characteristic of the early German-Jewish immigrant; thrift and a slow even progress toward affluence. Fire and daring characterize the Russian Jew. He burns up with ideas, with music, with the desire to get ahead quickly, fiercely, spectacularly. He takes hazardous chances and often meets with disaster. But his successes are dazzling.

Our great department stores which occupy whole blocks and enchant with their contents are the results of several generations of application by German-Jewish families. The head of the greatest skyscraper construction company in the world, builders of the Woolworth, the Equitable, and a hundred others, is a Russian Jewish immigrant. And there are numerous others who have contributed handsomely to that famous sky-line.

CHAPTER IV: BARTERING RACIAL HONOR

PREJUDICE saves all of us one of the most painful troubles in the world, the trouble of thinking; and that is a trouble that it is convenient for most active people to avoid. With a well-developed set of prejudices one may go through life unhampered by mental disturbances, vigorous, forthright, free from useless care.

When prejudice can be successfully substituted for thought I am in favor of prejudice. Many important fundamental problems of conduct can be solved in prejudiced fashion. A man brought up, let us say, with a well-defined prejudice in favor of the Ten Commandments will need no philosophizing or scientific speculation to convince him that it is wrong to follow false gods, to take God's name in vain, to make unholy the Sabbath, to fail to honor his father and mother, to steal, to commit adultery, to bear false witness, or to covet another man's goods or wife:

his prejudice against these things will put up an effective emotional barrier. If he has likewise been prejudiced against physical uncleanness, against exposing himself to ill health, against poverty, laziness, meanness, and ill humor, he is in a fair way to be an exceptionally decent citizen, without the stress of taking thought.

But instill in a child prejudices of hate and fear and you plant the seeds of warfare and spiritual death. And we Jews are well aware that far and wide the seeds of hatred of all of us have been planted. There are fellow citizens of ours who go about busily nourishing the plant, tending it with assiduous care, bringing it to bear such fruit as the Ku Klux Klan.

The initial distrust was akin to the distrust of the Spanish Jew in America for the German-Jewish immigrant and the distrust of the German Jew for the Russian; it was the distrust for the stranger. In some primitive languages the words for "stranger" and "enemy" are synonymous.

One "views with alarm." The rapid rise of the

Russian Jew in New York was particularly alarming to the great masses of other citizens. While there were the Americans who pointed with pride to the splendid ideals of the people in the slums and who glorified the American "melting pot," there were others who shuddered at the rising "menace" of the astonishing newcomers.

People saw the Jew in many aspects, real and visionary. For some he was a symbol of suffering and martyrdom, while to others he was an object of contempt, fear, or ridicule. There was the noble Jew of Israel Zangwill; the dangerous criminal Jew who became assimilated into stick-up gangs and was one with the drug addicts; and the comedy Jew celebrated on the stage in caricatures such as the famous peddler of Joe Welch. Other portraits were continually being added to the gallery.

As the conflict between rural Puritanism and urban cosmopolitanism became intensified the prominence of the Jew as a theatrical manager and producer of motion pictures made him an easy target at which to shoot. He was depicted as chewing a Perfecto and plotting against

public morals. (The cigar in those days always seemed to accompany villainy.) As labor problems developed and the trade unionists became powerful enough to exact better wages, shorter hours, and sanitary working conditions, the activity of the Jew in this fight led to the creation of a new villain: the Jew as a Socialist. Then Henry Ford manufactured the international banker Jew, and, having learned how to assemble parts at his Detroit plant, he assembled all the Jews of the world and presented a picture of them working in unison for the world's destruction; a machine-made, perfect six-cylinder Jewish villain, f. o. b. Detroit—Socialist and banker, capitalist and Bolshevist, assimilationist and Zionist, Orthodox and Reformed, agnostic and religious zealot, liberal and standpatter. He brought them all together on one platform, thus performing one of the miracles of the ages.

But, on the whole, healthier viewpoints were prevailing, and there has been a return to an older and sturdier brand of Americanism. Even Mr. Ford becomes a graciously penitent humanitarian.

Socially, the problem of prejudice against the Jew comes up chiefly in the rise of the newly rich. And the numbers of newly rich Jews make it quite a problem. The amazing part of this rise to me is the quick adaptability shown by almost all of those whom fortune has favored. Immigrants, deprived in youth of social education and training, have met their new position in the world with splendid discretion and tact. Always eager to learn, they have learned with quick intelligence. But, as every race and every movement has its lunatic fringe, the up-and-coming Jew has his group of grotesques to afford amusement to the world at large.

The upstart gentleman has been a theme of comedy among all races at all times. It is the theme that Molière made immortal in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Every immigrant race coming to America has had its members who have played the comedy over again in actual life. Not only the immigrants, but natives with social aspirations share in making themselves targets for satire and caricature. Cartoon strips like "Bringing Up Father" and "Keeping Up

with the Joneses" reflect one of the farcically tragic aspects of the American scene.

The theme has long been a favorite in the theater. It ought to be, for it is essentially dramatic. In the days when Irish immigration was at its height Ed Harrigan, of Harrigan and Hart, used it over and over again to prick pins of laughter into the newly rich Irish. *Cordelia's Aspirations*, in which Cordelia Mulligan moved the famous Mulligan family up from the East Side to Madison Avenue, was almost identical in general outline with *The Auctioneer*, in which David Warfield, that incomparable character-actor, played the Jew who moved uptown.

In every case the most effective satire has been leveled at these upstarts by members of their own race, and most enjoyed by them. We always laugh loudest at that which we have recently surpassed, and immigrants, surpassing themselves, are the most appreciative of the plight of those who are still in the midst of the struggle, whether the struggle be with v's and w's and English grammar, or the p's and q's of good manners and good taste.

But there comes a time when all this ceases to be amusing. The Joe Welch peddler, the Irishman with green whiskers, the vaudeville German cease to have that connection with reality that gives point to burlesque. A new type fixation is needed if there are to be laughs, and, in the case of the Jew, there was an advance in the social scale from the itinerant peddler to the cloak-and-suit comicalities of Potash and Perlmutter. We are still laughing. But as this new type ceases to exist, and it will, there will be no point to the satire, and there will be some new type created for the world's amusement.

It is an important thing, this, the fixation of types in the public mind. An endless amount of our preconceived opinions, which are our prejudices, have been developed by literary artists creating "type" characters. From Helen of Troy to Babbitt this holds true. But in our own day cartoons are possibly the most effective means of fixing types. We all saw in 1914 the good-natured, sentimental, beer-drinking, singing German turned into a bloodthirsty monster

of iron efficiency. The gay and volatile oo-la-la Frenchman was changed into the valiant *poilu*. The English Johnny was discarded for the lovable Old Bill that Bruce Bairnsfather created.

If a caricature is to survive it must have a basis in reality, and present-day caricatures of the newly rich Jew undoubtedly have their prototypes in life. Like all upstarts among all races, this type is conspicuous for ostentatious display, raucous boasting, constant talk of cash values, lack of tact and social sensitiveness. The very aggressiveness that has given him power to fight his way up in the business world becomes a social handicap. The newly rich lack background, and the lack is painfully felt by some of their children who have been schooled among people of culture and breeding. Not all the children, of course, are pained. Many are too thick-skinned; others are too splendid. But there are those whose social sensitiveness has been made acute; in some cases it becomes almost pathological; ashamed of their parents (they never had a proper prejudice in favor of the Ten

Commandments); ashamed of the money that made their "advantages" possible; ashamed, finally, of their race.

A recent encounter in Europe with an old pupil of mine brought vividly to my mind the pity of this self-consciousness. We met face to face in a railroad station that was virtually deserted at two o'clock in the morning. Although I bowed, not a gleam of recognition lighted her eyes. Yet she must have known me. She had attended the Kohut School for Girls that I had started after my husband's death, and she had been in my Sunday school class for a number of years. For reasons of her own, she preferred not to know me.

What were those reasons? There we have to go back into the matter of money and background. Her father was an aggressive citizen who had made a fortune. But the daughter, socially ambitious, had suffered the torture of having parents who were "pretty awful." Ruthlessly, she dissociated herself from them as far as possible and when she married she had her children brought up among Gentiles. She tried

to hide her Jewish origins and was pushing her own daughter into the circles of the social elect—not without difficulty. Consequently she “cut me dead.”

It seemed incredibly funny for anyone to put on airs in a shabby little out-of-the-way shelter from a raw drizzle of rain at the realistic hour of two o'clock in the morning, when human beings are reduced to a state of the crudest desire for nothing but comfort.

The train I was to board rolled into the station; the taunts that rose to my lips were never uttered; but, before falling to sleep in my compartment of the *wagon lit*, I held the following imaginary conversation:

REBEKAH: Addie, you are comical. (ADDIE *stares.*)

REBEKAH: Don't pretend you don't know me.

ADDIE (*staring*): Know you?

REBEKAH: Yes, know me. You haven't forgotten me.

ADDIE (*with a slight sneering drawl*): Oh, yes, now I recall. Mrs. Kohut, isn't it?

REBEKAH: The reason I said you're comical

is that you fool yourself. You think that by pretending you conceal something.

ADDIE: What's that?

REBEKAH: You know. Don't keep up the pretense with me. You're trying to hide that you're a Jewess.

ADDIE: Well, what of it?

REBEKAH: I am merely sorry for you.

ADDIE: Sorry? *You* sorry for *me*?

REBEKAH: That does seem rather upside down, doesn't it, that I, a conscious Jewess with no social aspirations, should feel sorry for a millionairess whose daughter has just made her début among the blue-bloods of America. But I do feel sorry for you, and I'll tell you why. For one thing, you must be in a constant state of panic. To go around all the time knowing you're a Jewess and hoping you won't be taken for one must be a horrid sensation. You cannot relax even in the privacy of your bedroom. Your mirror will shout back at you. "Jew, Jew, Jew!" and you'll have to play up to your own reflection. Dear me, dear me, what a life of craven fear! Always on the lookout for imagined slights!

And to what petty meanness it reduces one—cutting an old teacher!

ADDIE: I didn't recognize you.

REBEKAH: You made a point of not recognizing me. You make a point of ignoring all of your Jewish acquaintances. And you try to purchase immunity from prejudice.

ADDIE: "To purchase?" I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about.

REBEKAH: Could you tell me how much it cost you in cash to have your name appear on the letterhead of the ladies' auxiliary of St. L——'s Church? (ADDIE *flushes. She keeps her lips closed.*) You could have made it so much easier for yourself, my dear child, if you had taken your place with your own people.

ADDIE (*bitterly*): Mrs. Kohut, you yourself got recognition through philanthropy.

REBEKAH: Not the whole reason. I am, in addition, a militant Jewess. As a militant Jewess I win respect. You say I am philanthropic. Yet you, being richer than I, have given much larger sums than I to philanthropies. Don't forget your fellow Jews are now in desperate

need. However, don't mistake me. In being a militant Jewess I had no eye to letterheads, as you had an eye to social prestige. My militancy is born of the soul and builds up the soul; your denial of Jewishness is soul-destroying.

The state of mind of the Addies is, happily, becoming old-fashioned. To set a high value upon dining at a certain exclusive club or upon sitting at the same table as people who are not of one's faith is a survival of an earlier period. But it does survive. However, the new fashion now tends the other way. Even Jews without strong race consciousness realize that acceptance of their Jewishness wins them higher respect than the denial of it. They have learned that, though there may still be anti-Semitism, the thing to do is to meet it stoutly, with robust souls, and not try to evade it at Miss Blue-blood's tea table or behind the doors of St. L——'s Church.

Just as a practical matter, doesn't it work out in the end as more convenient to be honest about one's backgrounds? Flying under false colors has never appealed to the human heart, Jew or Gentile. Even Christian ministers are doubtful, sar-

castic, and supercilious in their attitude toward the Jew who changes religions for the sake of an illusory social prestige.

"The Jewish quota for this church has already been filled," one minister announces in a Fifth Avenue church that has been hugely favored by the socially elect. And another, in the same week, refers to Jewish women converts as "throwing away their faith for a cup of tea." A cup of tea? Cheap, isn't it? Cheaper, certainly, as the price of one's birthright, than a mess of pottage.

Another favorite pastime of the social climbers is to change their names: a practice which somehow irritates me, in spite of the fact that I toyed with the idea of changing my own name, when I was very young, years before marriage changed my last name for me. Originally Rebekah, I changed to Rebecca as a child, despite my father's wish that I retain the Biblical spelling. When I read *Vanity Fair* and made the acquaintance of Becky Sharp, I wanted to be rid of the name completely, however spelled. I played for a while with the idea of calling myself Virginia, a lovely name that had in it

something of the Colonial charm of Richmond and something of the classic beauty of a Roman Vestal. But I was not Colonial, and I was not a Roman. I dated back to ancient Palestine. Without knowing why or how I became reconciled to it, I pleased myself by reverting to the name Rebekah. I thought at the time I was doing it to please my father. Rebekah suits me, but I know many whose names suit them about as much as the Eiffel Tower would suit a subway kiosk.

In condemning the practice of changing names, it is difficult to make hard-and-fast judgments applying to all cases. While I deplore changes for purposes of social ambition, it must yet be recognized that the number of such yearners forms a very small part of the Jewish population. When a clerk or salesman named Wintronovsky changes his name to Winter, it is not because he hopes to go yachting with the Astors but because Wintronovsky may keep him from securing a livelihood for himself and his family. Whether one deplores or not, there is something to be said for him. If anyone doubts

that prejudice operates thus against the person with a decidedly foreign name he has but to make a cursory investigation of the employment problem to be convinced otherwise. This handicap is so evident that it should need no arguing. In my employment work I have had to deal with thousands of cases where a name was a detriment. I even know of an Irishman named Coen who found that his name hampered him in his work in the Wall Street district.

It is the privilege of parents to give their children what names they please. Jewish parents bestow upon the newly-born names as American as those of their neighbors. That is fair enough, and only to be expected. But it saddens and irritates me when children who have come into the world with good old Hebrew names are suddenly supplied with different and supplanting brands; when Abraham is turned into Allyn and Isaac becomes Irwin and Emanuel overnight is changed into Manfred and Jacob becomes Jacques and Sarah becomes Shirley. What is wrong with those old Hebrew names? They were adorned for ages by good men and women; they have strength

and dignity; as much cannot be said for some of the supplanting names.

The most aristocratic names of New York thoroughfares are those of the East Side, which were named after old New York families. That section is one of the few parts of Manhattan that is safe from the colorlessness of numbered streets. The wheel of time will, in the not distant future, make that section, wholly rebuilt, the most desirable quarter of the city, and then the names and the buildings will be in close harmony.

Names take on associated aspects. I know of a Jew who was seeking to change his name because it was next to impossible for Americans to pronounce. A list of fine American names was suggested to him: Delancey, Rivington, Christie, Forsythe, Allen. But, associating them with the names of the East Side streets, he rejected them all—because they were too Jewish!

Yes, it has its humorous side, and the first ones to appreciate the humor of it are Jews themselves. Thyra Samter Winslow's *Cycle of Manhattan*—Rosenheimer to Ross in three

generations—has appealed to the risibilities of many, and there are any number of similar instances one might mention. Think of the social history involved in this case. (It is a real case, but as the man is living I only approximate the changes.) The man's name was Isaac Nathan Levine. It then became successively Irwin N. Levin, I. Newton Lewin, and, after a residence in Paris, Newton LaVenne.

My own paternal family name, Bettelheim, which was fixed upon us by officialdom after my ancestor had been known as the Bethlen-Jude, ought not to be pleasing to me, but I like it. It means, in translation, "a beggar's home," and it always used to remind me of a condition that impressed itself upon me in youth: poverty. Yet that poverty was a relative thing. It was not poverty in any such sense as I later came to know it: the grinding, starving, relentless poverty of the East Side. We Bettelheims were, in comparison, rich people. There was a gracious charm and spaciousness about our home in Richmond, Virginia. There was freedom from want in our house in San Fran-

cisco. But my father, with rabbinical generosity, dispensed charity and hospitality so lavishly that around us came the specter of poverty. To me it was real. But it was, after all, only a specter.

My married name, Kohut, was given to my husband's family in the 1840's when the names of the Jews in Hungary were ordered changed by the government. The names affixed were usually those of trades, and so we have our Goldsteins and Silversteins and so forth. Some fared more sweetly, and our families of flowers were founded: our Lilienthals and Rosenthals. In many cases, ridiculous names were foisted upon Jews by officials, and for that reason many Jews consider it legitimate and proper to change them now to something of their own selection.

In the case of my husband's father the government official, running out of names of trades and flowers, arbitrarily suggested "Kohut," which means rooster, and Mr. Kohut, like most of the Jews of the time, too fearful to say a word when governmental tyranny had spoken, meekly accepted. It was a name almost as common as

Smith in Hungary and old Bohemia. But I like to think that in America it is associated primarily with the scholarly attainments and the rabbinical careers of my husband and my son, George.

The best of Jews feel such pride in themselves and in their race that the idea of changing their names for imaginary social distinction is to-day in many quarters unthinkable. I have no intention of criticizing all nationalistic changing of names. Gentiles as well as Jews have gone through cycles of such changes, as almost any long genealogical tree will show. And, after all, in the matter of changing names, the Jews feel they have a distinguished Jewish precedent. There was Saul of Tarsus, who became Paul, the citizen of Rome.

Indeed, if one looks closely into the whole matter of the changing of names, it becomes evident that this trend is by no means exclusively Jewish. It has been prevalent among all the immigrant stocks other than Anglo-Saxon, which is the model. It seems to be part of the process of assimilation, and it is usually criticized most

roundly by those who complain at the same time that the immigrants do not assimilate; they find fault if they do and find fault if they don't.

The best I ever heard on this subject was from an elderly gentleman who saw everything as on the down-grade. "Things have come to a pretty pass in this country," he said. "Everybody takes American names, whether they are entitled to them or not. It's bad enough when the Jews and the Slavs do it. But even the Indians are given American names nowadays!"

If I am critical about changing names it is not because I am without sympathy for those who try to solve the problem of discrimination in this fashion without an eye to social ambitions. I think of a great scholar who came to New York. He had heard of certain cheap and clean hotels where a man of limited means might live inexpensively. They were hotels for men, run on a semi-clubhouse plan, and, as it was summer, only about half the rooms were occupied. When the great scholar arrived with his baggage and asked for a room the clerk asked him to fill out an application, as the clientèle consisted only

of "approved guests." He did so, and when the clerk looked at his name he went into conference with another clerk in the corner of the office. Then he returned to the scholar and said, "Sorry, but there's nothing vacant just now. Filled up. Later, perhaps."

It was the great man's first contact with this minor phase of anti-Semitism. It hurt him and led him to wonder. He came from a community where he was a highly prized individual, respected and admired, and he had never been conscious of whether he was a Jew or not. For that reason he had often scoffed at Jews who complained of discrimination, declaring that they exaggerated their troubles. He thought secretly that they were possibly offensive people and would therefore be discriminated against no matter what their race. He did not look particularly Jewish, and at the hotel he would probably never have been questioned if it had not been for his telltale name.

Many a young man with aspirations toward a career has found his Jewishness a distinct handicap. Indeed, there is a growing tendency among

certain colleges and universities to bar the Jew as such. Not in blunt forthright fashion, "No Jews Need Apply"—with that brutality that employers used before Civil War days when they inserted advertisements for help with the warning, "No Irish Need Apply"; the technique of the universities is more delicate; indeed, it is dubbed "scientific." The Jewish applicant faces a "psychological test" and that does the trick. The Committee on Character of a Bar Association does the barring when the Jewish applicant has passed all other tests. Or the entrance committee of an art academy, or the examining board of a public service organization, or the employment manager of a large firm, whose application blanks include "nationality." The Jew knows the meaning when an advertisement reads, "State religion and nationality." I know the meaning, too, as for many years the largest share of my effort has been to get jobs for people.

My criticism of the pastime of changing names is the plain, practical one that it does not work. Of course there is a realistic justification for it

when the Middle European name is not pronounceable unless three or four syllables are lopped off, but even then I am not happy about the idea. One man who changed his name in such fashion said it was like lopping off extra branches on a tree: it made the tree healthier. I do not think the analogy holds true in the case of the Jew. It has been my experience that when he changes his name he usually changes in personality. Lopping off extra syllables, he lops off some of his own vitality. He loses some of his essential Jewishness; the best part of him. Losing it, he becomes lost, because it is something that he needs with which to find his way through the world we live in.

Not many Jews who have attempted to fly under false colors will speak of their experience in this regard, especially when their souls are torn by conflict. But when one has passed through a crisis and is happy there is always an urge to tell others of one's happiness. One man who denied his faith and race admitted his misery to me.

"I went through hell," he said. "There were

always awkward moments coming up, and I got so thin-skinned that I would shudder at the word Jew. If anyone had called me a Jew I might have killed him. I hated the people as well as the word. I found myself saying, 'I can't stand Jews.' And it was literally true. I couldn't. I was never on good terms with myself because I couldn't be honest with myself. And honesty is, after all, the first consideration in life.

"I will not tell you how the change came about, but the results—that's a different story. When I decided to become a Jew in every sense a great happiness filled me. Fear vanished, and fear is the cause of all misery. I felt that I had found my long-lost soul. Even my physical health increased. I remember Professor William James telling of how happy a person became when he cast off impossible efforts such as listening to symphony concerts, not because he liked them but because it implied high tastes. That's how I feel. I have cast off an impossible effort. I am a Jew, an American, and a human being. I have nothing for which to apologize."

I become impatient with people who are

shamefaced about their origins. And I wonder if they would not cease being apologetic if they realized that great numbers of our Jewish immigrants came from European homes of culture and ancient traditions, even as the new type of immigrant is coming. I wonder about this because a very distinguished Jewish citizen surprised me by expressing surprise when I mentioned it to him.

“Talk of the *Mayflower* being loaded with furniture!” I said. “Why, the collections of books, art, and heirlooms that some of our immigrants brought over here, especially between the ’fifties and the ’eighties, would have been sufficient to start a few colleges and museums.”

Many of these early immigrants were aristocrats, not so much in the sense of having ancient family trees, although some were very well off genealogically speaking, but aristocrats in the true sense of being people superior as individuals, the only sort of aristocrats who count to-day. They count most to-day because, especially since the war, aristocracy as we knew it in Europe has lost caste. When we find a princess

announcing that she has to carry about with her a book with a certain trade name "because it is the duty of the aristocracy to set an example for the bourgeoisie to follow," we may well ask, "What price aristocracy now?" Even among old American families, which in the past had respect from almost everyone, there has been so much cheap publicity, there has been so much selling of Social Register names for advertising purposes, that the most unsophisticated are no longer deceived.

The only aristocracy of the old régime that seems to have much survival value to-day is that of the English. While at times the House of Lords seems threatened, there is always new blood to restore it to vigor. A great deal of it is sound Jewish blood.

The English are a practical race. By sheer foresight they have kept up institutions that have long lapsed or collapsed on the continent. To have an aristocracy in the old sense you have to have money to keep up position, and you need traditions of aristocratic superiority. Wisely the English, through the laws of primogeniture,

kept the aristocratic estates in the family intact by leaving everything to the eldest son, while younger sons shifted for themselves in the army, the church, or the colonies. And when up-and-coming commoners had achieved position through wealth or public achievement they were awarded titles that they could afford to maintain in distinguished style.

. But aristocracy in the modern American sense has little to do with family or titles. It is something that cannot be purchased. It is there, in the quality of the individual. And when it is there it is recognized and respected. A Jew's chance of recognition ought to be as good as any other's. It is the Jewish quality that brings achievement, and even great men who have been proselytized for the sake of worldly success have recognized that fact.

Who could have been more proud of their Jewishness than Disraeli and Heine, both converts? Who in our own day were more Jewish in their outlook than Georg Brandes and Maximilian Harden, both of whom, the greater part of their lives, ignored their origin? As for ag-

gressive race consciousness, are there more shining examples than Einstein, the world's foremost scientist, Bergson, the philosopher, and Max Liebermann, the beloved octogenarian German artist? They bring honor to the Jewish race, and the world gives honor to them.

CHAPTER V: WITCH BURNERS

WHEN Alexander Kohut arrived in the United States in the early 'eighties a wave of proselytism was sweeping the country. Nice Protestant ladies and gentlemen were greatly perturbed over the fact that the God of the Jews did not happen to be Christian, if not concerned over the fact that the God of the Christians happened to be a Jew. Like Becky Sharp, who prayed for the conversion of the Pope and the Sultan in her hymn-singing days, these nice people prayed for the conversion of the rabbis and their followers. And they were ready to back their prayers with cash. A tremendous investment had been made by honest and well-intentioned people in the purchase of Jewish souls. Material blessings were dangled before the eyes of the impoverished to help them on to the way of the cross.

Now the Jews have never scorned material

things as sinful. The Old Testament is full of prayers for worldly comforts, and the blessings of the Lord were frequently bestowed in very substantial style, with increase of he-goats and she-goats and oxen and splendid harvests. The Jews felt, with Fra Lippo Lippi, that soul helps body as body helps soul. They never emulated the Christian scorn of the things of the world. And when the things of the world, in the shape of clothes and food, were offered to them at Protestant missions, there were many who submitted to the rite of Christian baptism as part of the price they would have to pay for these substantial benefits. There is this to be said for them: they struck a better bargain than those who have since sold out for a cup of tea.

In face of this proselytism, Dr. Kohut took counsel with other rabbis, and they decided that any Jew who could so forget himself as to sell out for goods and money and social advancement was not worth bothering about. Very likely he had sold his soul long before the Christians came around to him. But there was some-

thing to be done; that was to strengthen Judaism and the faith of the young generation.

As a girl, I had been so imbued with the pride of family and race that possibly I imposed respect for this spirit upon my Christian friends.

I hardly remember how young I was when I first realized the difference between Jew and non-Jew. I think it goes back to the first Passover *Seder* service in my memory, when my father told us how the Jews became slaves in Egypt and how they fought for their liberty. At the *Seder* service in our home, then in San Francisco, there were always Christians present, and my father, in his own delightfully tactful way, explained the service to them.

There was such a fine inspiring air about Western life that prejudice somehow was late in coming to my attention. It was not until I was quite a grown-up girl that I had my first encounter with it. Strange to say, it was in a classroom of the Denman School, where one of the teachers cast a slur upon the Jew in history. I became leader of an indignation meeting among the Jewish girls, who decided to demand an

explanation and apology. My father suggested other methods, and so we wrote a letter to our teacher stating the actual facts in history as my father gave them. The teacher retracted her statement in the classroom.

However, childhood and youth were very free from such unpleasant episodes. But I have often wondered about the upbringing of the children of to-day, and how Christian parents poison their children's minds with religious prejudice, so that nothing in later life can ever eradicate it.

For many centuries the people of Europe heard terrible stories of Jews who created poverty for Christians, and gruesome legends of "the Christ-killers" who slaughtered innocent Christian babies: lies that helped stain the pages of history with Jewish blood. But here in America, as children at least, we grew up feeling that the world loved us as we loved it and that if we cultivated manly and womanly virtues, life would be as safe and as pleasant for us as for our Christian neighbors. Over and over again I found myself the only Jewess in large Christian gatherings. Over and over again I

have tried to appeal as dispassionately as one can when feeling something so deeply. I have said to these men and women that the Christian world worships a Jew and that a Jewish mother—the mother of that Jew—is a symbol of the noblest type of womanhood. Jesus on the cross prayed, “Father forgive them, they know not what they do.” He preached always forgiveness and love. How do these Christians who preach persecution and hate reconcile their consciences to their betrayal of Christ’s doctrine? The Jews, of course, know that the Christian has nothing to forgive. All the Jews ask is justice, peace, and the freedom to live their own lives as their consciences dictate.

The Jews have a harder row to hoe than any other people. They are sensitive and they feel slights, yet they must be strong enough not to let slights affect their lives. They must expect misunderstanding and derogation, even though their conduct meets all accepted standards. They must be ready to accept opprobrium for the lapses of any member of the race. They must expect senseless criticism, and be prepared to

answer it, as if upon the answer depended the removal of the last vestige of anti-Semitism from the earth. Meek acceptance of imbecile accusations would only tend to confirm accusers in their strange beliefs. We are a minority and often have to undergo treatment from the bullying majority that, at its mildest, can only be described as unsportsmanlike.

It seems that for the Jew the passing mark in the examination of life is one hundred per cent. Perfection is demanded of him, individually and collectively, if he is to be accepted as an equal by those who undergo no tests themselves. And, even if a rare case is found where perfection is approximated, the perfection is regarded as too perfect; overdone.

We realize how stupid, malicious, cruel, and unthinking is much of the criticism to which Jews are subjected, but if we brooded over it it would sadden our days. We must be sensitive to warranted criticism, yet deaf to the outpourings of blind prejudice. The Jew must be a good citizen, and keep on being one despite anti-Semitic denunciations.

I remember the amazement and horror I felt as a child when I first heard of a Jew who was definitely bad. I knew in a vague way that murders and robberies and other violent offenses against God and man were about us in the dark places of San Francisco, but I thought that these crimes were in the strict province of the Gentiles. The Jews I knew had their failings, but they also had their God. I believed then that we Jews were better than other people: more serious, more devout, more honorable. We were people who feared God and kept His commandments as best we could. I still believe in the saying that when a Jew is good he is better than other men; when he is bad, he is worse. And when a Jew is bad the whole family of Israel suffers for him. In spite of the absurdity of it, in our hearts we accept responsibility. We feel that the Jewish criminal has brought dishonor upon us personally. At least I feel that way myself, and that is the way my father felt over the crime in San Francisco.

He had befriended a Jewish boy who had shown brilliant promise as a painter; a handsome

lad, greatly gifted, with a fine feeling for life and color. When my father became convinced of the reality of such talent, he was ready to move earth and heaven to give its possessor a chance. Of course, he himself did not have funds to send his protégées to the right schools, but if he lacked money he did not lack influence or enthusiasm. He would ask nothing for himself, nothing but help for others, and then he would storm any door that promised an opening. He was seeking help for this boy when the shock came.

A girl on her way to school had been murdered. It was discovered that she was with child. The boy artist, my father's protégé, was the murderer.

My father knew of this crime before the police did. He had an opportunity to help the boy to escape. The boy was one he loved as he loved his own children. But he was inflexible in his condemnation. Justice must be done. The boy was arrested, tried, convicted, and died by hanging.

There was a personal grief; grief over crime

committed by a loved one. But, overshadowing everything, was the thought that this boy was a Jew; a Jew who had committed an offense against the family of Israel.

The feeling of outrage that my father felt then was shared by all of us; it is a feeling that I have never outgrown. I feel sick at heart when I read my daily newspaper and see the names of Jews in outrageous criminal cases. I have met the families of one or two of these offenders. In one case—the case of a notorious gambler—I knew and admired the father: pious, generous, kind-hearted, simple, God-fearing, essentially good. The son was very wise in the ways of the world, I have no doubt. He knew the flashy cynicism of Broadway. He knew where money was to be had and how to flaunt it in bizarre vulgarity. He had excitement, plenty of it. And he had quality: the gambler's coolness, the readiness to take risks, daring in enterprise. But what enterprise! What debasement of intelligence! What a betrayal of the faith of his fathers! What dishonor to Israel!

These flashing, unwholesome successes by men

who have accepted the credo, "Don't care how you get it, as long as you've got it," are one of the by-products of assimilation. Evil can be assimilated as well as good.

I am not making an argument for separatism, for I know the unhealthy results of it. The Jews have their part to play in the world, and they cannot lock themselves up simply to avoid the pitfalls that beset men in the midst of modern complexities. A compromise must be made. The Eastern Jew of earlier generations, through his attitude of non-compromise on vital questions, unfortunately extended the spirit of separatism on minor and unimportant matters, and so remained an alien in America in appearance and habits as well as thought. This singled him out as a symbol of the unwelcome stranger and lent fire to anti-Semitism. All aloofness pays that price. The gabardine as a garment is not so attractive that it must be kept at the cost of everything else. A man can save his soul in plus-fours.

To a Gentile friend of mine, who agrees with me that in spite of the clouds that threaten the

sun is rising on the wandering Jew, the Jew appears like the man in the fable who wrapped his black cloudlike gabardine tighter around when the fearful storms of the Dark Ages threatened to tear it from his back, but who removed it in the warm rays of the rising sun.

“Now, in his shirt sleeves,” says my friend, “he is appearing among us, another specimen of the genus *Americanus vulgaris*—the common or garden variety of American citizen, more addicted to baseball and golf than to prayer.”

I suppose vulgarity is part of the price anyone pays for being a thoroughly good mixer. It is part of the attitude that James Truslow Adams describes as “the mucker pose.” American gentlemen have adopted it, and Jews, eager for assimilation, have followed in their paths. It is a transition phase in social training. But while gentlemen who know better grow deliberately careless, they are not good models for Jews to follow. Things that they will forgive in each other they will never forgive in a Jew. They have erected stalwart barriers against familiarity. They call it “being exclusive.”

There are some of us who can still remember the wave of excitement that swept over American Jewry when the head of one of our most important representative families was denied admission to a hotel in Saratoga. What a mere ripple in the social waters compared with some of the discriminations to-day!

What is it that the world fears in the Jew? Numerically, he is one per cent of the world's population. It was the late Joseph Jacobs who said that the only way to solve "the Jewish problem" is to make fools of our children. If we were fools we would not be feared. Life and experience have sharpened the Jew's wits, and his struggle for self-preservation has so strengthened him as to enable him to forge ahead of his neighbors in business, but he is still frequently bedeviled by social ambitions.

It is easy to say these ambitions do not matter. To people of deep and noble character they don't. But how many of us, Jew or Gentile, are very deep or noble? Sometimes, like old John Donne in his prayers, I am amazed at the silliness of

my own thoughts, the childlike things that distract me, the infantile reveries into which I surprise myself falling.

It may not show a character of great elevation that sets a, to me, preposterous value upon dining at a certain house because it is exclusive, or being elected to a swanky golf club. But such attainments are the very real ambitions of many all-too-human humans, and there they are knocking on closed doors, helplessly breaking their hearts because they are not wanted, crying in the dark, like children who have not been invited to the party.

There is no use being greatly irritated over these discriminations. A club, after all, or a college fraternity, like any other little clique, resembles a family. For better or worse, the prejudices of the family are there and must be recognized. Outsiders who do not share the family prejudices are uncomfortable people to have around. There are too many things they don't take for granted; too many things that they don't instinctively overlook. If the members of the

family happen to share a race prejudice, there is nothing that a Jew can do about it; at any rate, he has a family of his own.

A Jewish judge I know here in New York was once invited to join a golf club on Long Island that has a national reputation for exclusiveness. It was explained to him that Jews were not admitted, but because of the respect and friendship in which many of the leading members of the club held him, an exception would be made in his case. He smiled and said, "Exception overruled! This action has been brought twenty years too late. If I had been young I would have leaped at the opportunity, but there is a statute of limitations on social ambitions, and I am too old now to feel flattered."

When he said that he would have leaped at the opportunity if he had been younger he was not speaking as a mere social climber, but as a careerist, and there is a distinction to be drawn between one who is concerned about clubs and such things for snobbish reasons and one who is concerned about them for practical reasons. Many of us have long felt that, as America grows

in wealth and importance, the people who now possess great wealth and importance are becoming more and more solidly entrenched in power. Dynastic influences are at work in business as never before. The reckless living that used to characterize American millionaires has given way to an aristocratic seriousness. Our plutocratic families tend to model themselves upon the English governing class. No longer do we hear much about "from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations." Dinner coats are still being worn by the great-great-grandchildren. Prodigal waste has gone out of style. "It's smart to be thrifty." With a new sense of responsibility, the extremely rich are developing into a caste, whose power everybody has to recognize. We hear comparatively little to-day of "malefactors of great wealth"; we hear a great deal about benefactors of great wealth. Friendly contact with them is clearly of advantage to an aspiring young man who has his way to make in the world. Particularly in professional fields is it important for a beginner to have good connections. And here the Jew is handicapped. Other

things being equal, it is the Christian who is favored. The reality of such a handicap is sufficiently hard to bear without having the additional burden of prejudice that rests upon a fantastic basis.

Macaulay suggested that if a prejudice arose against red-headed men people would soon be massacring them, and not only that, but books would be written proving what a menace red-headed men are to the world. Macaulay did not live to see the period when the Chestertons, Bellocs, and Chamberlains would weave ingenious arguments against the Jews. Writers such as these get an actual sadistic thrill out of dangling the sword over our necks. Mr. Belloc hints at all sorts of nice atrocities that could be perpetrated against us.

It is naïve of Mr. Belloc to suggest that Jews are hated because they have no feeling for individual property. It seems to me that a reading of history would inform anyone that in many countries where they are persecuted they were not permitted to own property. All their worldly possessions had perforce to be of a portable

kind. They were obliged to wander forth at a moment's notice, to seek out new lands and new places. In Spain, one of the main reasons for their expulsion was the itch of the king and nobles to seize their property. One of the reasons they were never invited to return was that the king and nobles could not face the thought of restoring their property to them. And Mr. Belloc himself suggests that the landed property of the Jews, who, of course, have no feeling for property, and hence would not miss it, might be confiscated.

Mr. Belloc complains that there is a conspiracy of silence about the Jews. The truth is that non-Jewish discussion of the Jew falls into the categories of indiscriminate praise and unreasoning censure. There does not seem to be any golden mean. On this subject people are not cool and disinterested. Criticism appears as violently expressed absurdities, or as half truths, which, uttered as whole truths, distort the picture into something atrocious, a horrible jumble in which nothing can be distinguished.

One particularly irritating thing about Mr.

Belloc's book is its dedication. What if one of Mr. Belloc's Protestant friends were to write a book against the Catholic Church, declaring that it should be destroyed, and should dedicate the book to his dear friend Mr. Belloc? That is the situation which Mr. Belloc has paralleled. He dedicates his anti-Semitic work to a Jewish woman!

Mr. Chesterton, dreaming of a Never-Never-Land of his own creation, modeled on a poetic refusal to accept the actualities of the Middle Ages, goes about his self-appointed task of Jew-baiting in his usual fashion. He creates an improbable straw-man and destroys him to the accompaniment of dazzling verbal fireworks. The Jew he creates is Oriental and therefore incapable of thinking as Chesterton thinks Occidentals think. The Chestertonian Jew thinks in a fashion that astonishes Jew as well as Gentile. Indeed Mr. Chesterton's prime literary trick is creating astonishment. One of Mr. Chesterton's chief grievances against the Jew is that he, the Jew, does not astonish Broadway or Piccadilly by wearing a turban. According to the Chester-

tonian notion the Jew is an Oriental who should remain Oriental even in the West. Mr. Chesterton dislikes all paradoxes but his own. Along with a great many romantic souls, he suffers from childlike delusions about the glories of the past.

I have little patience with certain of these loose opinions that circulate frequently. One is a statement (usually made by fault-finders who do not read the Bible) that the Jews of to-day are not favorably comparable to the Jews of the Old Testament. It is another instance of use of the comparative method for being derogatory. You hear them say, "The Old Testament Jews are the only ones for me. They had dignity and grandeur. But these modern Jews . . . !" This is all very well if one can only see the Old Testament as a series of tableaux in which Abraham talks to angels, Moses hands down the Ten Commandments, Samson slays Philistines, David kills giants and plucks the harp, and Judas Maccabæus routs the foes of Israel. It seems to me that Biblical history shows quite an assortment of Jews, just as varied as

there are to-day among all peoples and in all countries. If there are not, as such critics grievously find, as many outstanding individuals in a single generation now as appeared in all the centuries of the Old Testament, neither are there quite so many prophets needed to exhort the Jews to follow the paths of righteousness. The people of the Book worked out their destinies in their own land. Their descendants are scattered among the nations, and are part of the life of the countries in which they live. They cannot, unfortunately, devote themselves to the making of a purely Jewish history. Whatever they contribute to a Jewish culture is only incidental to their contribution to the countries in which they live (if those countries permit them to make it). In this they have done their full share.

What is expected of these people who are "so unlike the Old Testament Jews"? That they be colorfully and patriarchally Biblical? Neither are the descendants of early American settlers working hard at being Colonial, hacking out an Empire, chasing buffalo, writing the Constitution

for the new Era, or always remembering it. Britons are not trying to live in the days of feudal baronies and Magna Charta, but are struggling with modern problems of industrial capitalism, imperialism, and internationalism. The Jews of to-day are the children of their age, as the Old Testament Jews were of theirs, and that age must be judged as a whole, for better or worse.

Indeed, we have had our modern Moses in the person of Theodor Herzl, and the inspiring movement he led flourishes to-day, but the new Zionism is as modern as any other movement of our time. A Jew who tried to emulate Judas Maccabæus to-day would have the League of Nations to contend with. Joshua would have to go into conference with the General Electric Company. Joseph's dreams would have to be concerned with the higher economics. And Samson—if Samson could be warlike to-day—would have to order his shipments of jawbones from the Du Ponts or the Schneider works.

No color! No patriarchs! That is particularly what the Chestertons of the world mean when

they conclude that we are a people on the downward path. But then, any weapon will serve if one is determined to find fault.

There is pity in the fact that Belloc and Chesterton, as the two Catholic apologists who are possibly most widely read throughout the English-speaking world, should, at this date, turn their forces against the Jews. In America, at least, the good feeling between the Jews and the Catholics in the big cities has been exceptionally developed. There has been an attempt upon the part of the far from ineffective exponents of the "Keep America Protestant" slogan to relegate both Jew and Catholic to what has been described as a "Class B citizenship." Like the Jews, the Catholics in America have suffered from discrimination; a discrimination that is, I think, more social and racial than religious. It is directed mainly against the Irish.

But persecution is the lifeblood of oppressed peoples. With the Catholics in Ireland, as with the Jews on the Continent, the more violent the persecution, the more fervent was religion. And persecution tends to draw all the persecuted

together. History shows that the Catholics on the Continent were the most bloodthirsty of Jewish oppressors, whether the Roman Catholics of Spain or Poland or the Orthodox Catholics of Russia. But the Irish Catholics are a special case. In America their problem is closely akin to the problem of the Jews. Both are people who, by association and common understanding of mutual problems, have, in general, developed warm reciprocal regard. Fortunately, the Bellocs and the Chestertons are probably ineffective in their (disclaimed) effort to stir up Catholic-Jewish animosities.

But where the Englishmen fail the American preachers succeed. Not in setting Jew against Catholic, but in setting a very considerable portion of Protestant America against both. The spirit of the witch burners continues. There are pulpits in which the sole vital power is hate, frenzied hate of Jew and Catholic. The Catholics are pictured as in conspiracy to hand America over to the Pope, and the Jews are portrayed as, with Machiavellian cunning, ousting the "natives" from positions of trust, honor, and finan-

cial security. The Jews, we hear, are entirely too rich and too "pushing." They are moving ahead too fast.

I have often heard the expression, "as rich as a Jew," and I wonder at it because the Jews, it seems to me, are the poorest people on earth. Certainly I have never witnessed anywhere else such harrowing poverty as exists among the Jews in Middle Europe. And the problem of Jewish poverty in America is far from overcome. The difference is that in America the Jew has an opportunity, by one means or another, to free himself from the bondage of want. Small wonder if he seizes the golden opportunity with all of the force, determination and imagination that he possesses. He knows too well what it means to be poor to suffer it, if hard work and intelligence will show him a way out. But his way out has been so spectacular in the past thirty years, his concentration upon money-making so obvious, that the idea of the Jew as "money-mad" becomes widely prevalent. If a Gentile, in similar position, tries to improve his economic condition, he is applauded for his thrift, his indus-

try, and his financial acumen. He becomes an exponent of the great national virtue, prosperity. But if a Jew tries the same thing he is taunted for his materialism.

Well, if materialism means better, cleaner, and more beautiful homes, stronger, healthier, and happier children, freedom from soul-crushing economic worries, leisure to enjoy the pleasant things of the world, the taunts do not matter much. I am no longer a young woman. I have lived in many places and seen many people in all sorts of circumstances. My wisdom, as old age comes upon me, may be derided as "pocket-book wisdom." But all of my experience with life emphasizes the need for money—security—as the basis for a wholesome life. Indeed, I am ready to go so far as to agree with Bernard Shaw, that poverty is the greatest crime an individual can commit against modern civilization. I would that the Jews would continue to sin less in this regard.

Let us go away from all of the niceties that have hampered genteel people for ages in regard to plain facts about money. Those who have had

it and kept it for generations in their families have established the strange notion that money is something well-bred people do not discuss. There is a social fiction that everybody within the radius of a fixed social circle has plenty. Or if they haven't they are supposed to act as if they had. At any rate, money is one of those things that nice people do not mention. And yet it is something that governs lives at every moment, inflexibly.

Start with birth. What does it cost to-day in cash? Nothing, perhaps, except the risk of the death of both mother and child and a few dollars to a midwife. Nothing, if the child happens to arrive in the midst of the mother's daily work and is brought into the world amid shrieks of pain and the roar of factory machinery. Nothing except, possibly, the loss of the mother's mind or the permanent impairment of her health. Life is cheap. It always has been cheap. Through all centuries women have borne the children of men under circumstances that make us moderns shudder with horror.

America now sets a new standard, and it is an

expensive one. From birth on, people demand "the best." It runs into money and competition is keen. If the Jew happens to come out ahead in the race his success is ascribed to some diabolical cunning. The witch hunters seek a victim.

I have been amazed and somewhat disheartened by the post-war witch-hunting spectacle. My experience in many cities had brought me so steadily into contact with splendid, kindly men and women that I had always thought of Puritanism as a sort of alien Judaism. The Puritans leaned so heavily upon the God of the Old Testament that I frequently felt a sense of unity with them. I remember individuals who were real Bible characters, not in the sense of knowing the texts "from kiver to kiver," but in living up to the noblest ideals of the Book of Books. The Puritans I knew seemed essentially "good Jews." But there were others I had yet to hear of, the Puritans who have been making modern America ugly in stirring up racial and religious strife. I have seen communities where Jews, Catholics, and Protestants lived for years in peace and friendship suddenly swept into the turmoil of

racking hates and tortured animosities. And what was back of it all? Was there any deep religious urge in the Protestants who badgered Catholics or vice versa? Were they not all playing with words, or rather with the shadows of words, with nothing that existed in the real world? Hate took the form of vowels and consonants, coiled itself around them and lodged there permanently. The words Catholic or Protestant or Jew, the mere sound of them, proved hateful to somebody. The power of abstract terms! They can do almost anything to an individual. They never bring up the real suffering, aspiring, warm-blooded, laughing, pitiful, godlike human being. If they did prejudice would be destroyed. The terrors conjured up by the witch burners are only vague vapors that "gas" the mind, that produce a mass morbidity.

The modern revival of religious hatred was a war of nightmare symbols. Protestants saw specters of the Pope riding down upon some little village. They believed that the Catholic churches contained armories of insurrectionist weapons. Catholics envisioned the Protestants as hate-

breathing monsters determined to destroy them.

The influence of the Ku Klux Klan now seems to be waning, and a new attitude is sensed on the part of those who have deserted it. A sort of getting-out-from-under, as if they only joined it for entertainment, anyway, and really hated it more than anything else in the world. The movement was sponsored hastily by persons who never stopped to reflect whether it was worth while, and it is being dropped in the same manner. The next America-Saving idea may be just as wrong, and people may be drawn to it just as easily, or it may be right and be abandoned. We worship success so much that we hate to be with the losing side, even if the real merit of the situation rests with the loser. This is so, not only in politics and athletic sports, but in religion and in all human relationships. I cannot praise former Klansmen merely because they left the Klan high and dry. It could well be advanced that the desertion of the Klan was just as foolish as its espousal. The willingness to listen to such a man as Henry Ford on subjects outside his knowledge is an indication of what I mean. Because Mr.

Ford is the richest man in the world—the shining symbol of material success—a good many people accept without question his opinion upon subjects with which he cannot possibly be familiar. However, Mr. Ford at least has renounced his anti-Jewish views.

It amounts to this: that among us there are not enough people who are willing to back unpopular causes. It is from such individuals that the stuff of nations is made. The Hampdens, the Wilfred Blunts, the Bertrand Russells, are more important to England than the Kiplings. It is not as a special pleader that I say this, for it is as necessary for the Jew as for anyone else to combat this psychology of being always with the winner.

Some years ago there was a critical period of anti-Semitic calumny, when the most ridiculous untruths were spread about the Jews. The falsity must have been apparent to many intelligent, honorable Christians, yet there were few who protested publicly. I feel that I am right in maintaining that this was an occasion for protest, for checking the growth of a spirit of intolerance

that threatened the ideals of the nation. It was not for the Jews to do this. They were, of course, within their natural rights in defending themselves. Perhaps they would not have been regarded as upstanding if they had not. But such self-defense makes a controversy take on the aspect of a religious war, and then foolish things are always said on both sides. People without character or standing or even balance become self-appointed spokesmen, sniping cannot be prevented, and the result is an intensification of the difference.

Yet defense is a natural reaction. Silence implies acceptance of unfounded charges. But how much better it would have been had intelligent, honorable, and courageous Christians made short work of the nonsense. It would have been dispelled immediately and been speedily forgotten. Not that Jews want others to do their fighting for them. This case, however, happened to be one into which it would have been better had high-minded individuals not of their race entered. It was their public duty for the preservation of true American ideals, and all honor to the

Christians who saw that duty. All honor to the signers of that memorable plea of Christian protesters, that list of distinguished personages which began with Woodrow Wilson, William Howard Taft, and Cardinal O'Connell. And all honor to the memories of Governor Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts and President Charles W. Eliot and to such champions of tolerance as John Haynes Holmes and S. Parkes Cadman in our own country, and Masaryk in Czechoslovakia.

A depressing phenomenon in America is an apparent willingness to accept a new ethnology. It is obvious that the bizarre Nordic theory springs from a rationalization and is a justification for a new attitude of prejudice; a wearing down of the code of honor and tolerance. Publications which go well in the country club frequently print articles about Nordic superiority. If anyone reads these claims as a critic and not as an accessory before the fact he cannot but arrive at an amazing observation. When these ethnological revaluations do not destroy themselves by going so obviously wide of the mark, they

defeat their own purpose on historical grounds. Granting, for the sake of exposition, the existence of such a thing as a pure race—the Nordics—I am not yet willing to believe that these Nordics have deteriorated as much as the Nordic writers would like to indicate.

It is an ethnology of panic that I see—a sophistry of ultrachauvinism. Therein lies the danger. If one has an enemy whom one fears, the best means of self-protection is to find out all about him, not to make him as repulsive to yourself as you can, so that the mere thought of him drives you into terror and incapacity. For yourself, ascertain truth, not propaganda. It may save you many a horrible nightmare. Rubber-stamp hatreds have caused many downfalls.

Education will go further than enthusiasm. For in our enthusiasm, springing up from we know not what impulses, and guided often by a misdirected mood of the moment rather than by authoritative, well thought-out reasoning, we are apt to go entirely wrong and to fall back just as suddenly as we came forward. This has been my repeated experience. Just after the war, when

there was need of coöperation for the subscription of a large sum for war relief, I was selected to head the Jewish Women's Division as associate chairman with Mrs. Henry P. Davison for the Protestant women and Mrs. Nicholas Brady for the Catholic women. During this campaign, in which we made a speaking tour of the United States, I devised the slogan, "U. S. Stands for United Spiritually." I myself shared the innocent American optimism which reaches out toward everything, and I felt that the fine inter-racial and inter-religious spirit then prevalent might last forever.

I was to have my awakening. No more than a year later the Era of Good Feeling was over. The war had been won; it seemed there was no further need of unity, and the fallings-out and retrogression and reaction set in. The Ku Klux Klan was revived. True, it may have started as a promoters' venture, organized by a few men who had learned their craft from government publicity agencies during the war, but it continued because there were people who were ready to listen to pleas for prejudice. It provided mo-

mentum also for seeking a new enemy for the hate released by propaganda, Germany having been defeated and put out of the running. Life was made hideous in many small communities of the country. The fiery cross and the night rider were a temporary triumph of ignorance, of hoodlumism, of provincial meanness as virulent as it was unparalleled. It was the meanness of the miser transplanted to religious fields. Each hoarded amiability for his own tribe, with venomous looks and villainies for the rest.

The time was ripe, too, for the implanting of other hatreds. A number of Russian émigrés, trained in the ways of professional anti-Semitism, planned to accomplish the overthrow of the Soviets by branding the Bolshevik movement as an exclusively Jewish revolution. In their experience "blaming it on the Jews" had often worked before. It was a familiar method of the old Czarist government, in order to divert attention when the populace was displeased. Of course, in this instance, it was never made known by these propagandists that the Menshevists, the Bolsheviks' most bitter opponents, included

a greater Jewish membership than did the Bolsheviks. From that the next move of the Czarist propagandists was to show that the Jews, as such, were actively engaged in a conspiracy to seize world power for themselves. So the Czarists dug up old fables, old tracts, which were once used in Russia as propaganda against the English, and fabricated a supposed series of Protocols of the Elders of Zion, a mythical body supposed to be united for the purpose of overthrowing society. They put these forth as genuine documents, depicting a world conspiracy and found financial backing for their dissemination among certain newly rich of America, who objected to the fact that there were also Jews who were newly rich.

Scholars, of course—noted Gentile scholars—at once branded the Protocols as fakes, and tracked down their origin to the old tales from which they were borrowed. And the best of the Protestants repudiated the Klan.

Klan members and their sympathizers are their own worst victims. Nourishing their hates, they poison their own lives. Just as a matter of

enlightened self-interest, the harboring of venom ought to be discouraged.

We forgive those misguided Christians. They know not what they do. But we Jews know, or we are trying to learn. In the light of our knowledge the blazing hates and bitter rivalries that surround us seem somehow, in spite of their terrible reality, a little unreal. To struggle with the witch burners on their own level would be too debasing. Knowledge and more knowledge is the cure for all our ills. Already most of us can say "Boo!" to the bogeys that frighten other peoples. And the bogeys disappear!

CHAPTER VI: SPIRITUAL SHELTERS

DURING the centuries when fanaticism made of the Israelite a hapless victim it became the custom to locate synagogues in back streets of the Jewish quarter, where they would not attract attention.

These[^]synagogues preserved Judaism. Serving not only as houses of prayer, but as meeting places, debating forums, school centers, courts of judgment, and of disputes, arenas where the gage of knowledge and wit was continually being thrown down, they kept the spirit of Judaism alive and preserved it in all its integral strength.

This great dynamo, generating intellectual activity, charged and recharged its own little community, no matter how shut in and persecuted it may have been, and this reservoir of Jewish energy became available for the world when the breakdown of the ghetto system began.

During the ghetto period a Jew on a voyage,

always insecure against attack by outlaws, was sure of a welcome wherever other Jews were gathered. His first visit would be to the synagogue, where there was likely to be a group to greet him, to offer him food and shelter, and to engage him in Talmudic disquisition. His learning would soon be put to the test, for each community boasted a number of Talmudic champions. If he was someone of scholarly ability he would anticipate with relish the promise of a debate on fine points in the Talmud. And if he were known to be or proved to be a brilliant scholar he would be fêted throughout his stay, and on his departure leave behind a smacking of lips in pleasant memory of a well-turned aphorism or an apt reply.

In times of persecution the Jewish family spirit would be particularly strong, and the newcomer would quickly be surrounded by co-religionists eager to put him at ease and hear the news of his own home town. Behind these ghetto walls, where people lived such restricted, apparently dismal lives, the Gentile with no knowledge of these strange people might imagine

a mean existence. Narrow it may have been, by force of compulsion, but like a tree crowded in by other trees, it branched and flowered richly at the top. The mental life of the ghetto Jew was rich.

Post-war visits to synagogues in the big cities of Europe brought home to me eloquently the evolutionary change which time has brought about. No longer were the edifices in back streets. They were handsome, imposing buildings, centrally located, adding to the architectural attractiveness of their cities. The old-time ghettos had disappeared. Jews were no longer living in the quarters they inhabited in other days. Clannishness, too, was enormously diminished. Since active persecution was a thing of the past, the synagogue was no longer the heart and blood, the seat of authority, of the Jewish community. It was a house of worship only, and the city hall was the place for administrative function. Except when there were services, the sexton was usually the only person to be found on the premises.

In each town where I happened to be on the Sabbath I went to a synagogue, and I will admit

that in Europe I have often wished for a modern spirit in our temples. Everywhere in Europe, except in the Reform temples of Paris and London, men and women still worship separately. The Conservative Judaism which prevailed in my father's home, and later in that of my husband, had accustomed me to congregational worship by families rather than by sexes. My participation in America in many campaigns for women suffrage had made of me a self-conscious champion of equal rights. In being obliged to mount the gallery where the women sat by themselves behind curtains shutting them away from the eyes of the males below, I underwent an internal rebellion. I thought one ought to pray alongside those with whom one is united by family ties.

However, one cannot be resentful long in the House of God. The chanting of prayers, the altar, Scroll and Menorah, and all the details of the service fill one with awe and reverence, and if for the moment one has a sensation of strangeness, it is only to be carried back to the day of Solomon's Temple, and to feel surging through one's

veins centuries of hope and prayer and supplication.

When my husband and I first visited the famous old synagogue of Prague, that ancient house of worship about which so many stories have been woven, where generation after generation made its spiritual life manifest, it seemed to me to stand for a symbol of Israel itself, surviving untold hardships and emerging with ideals unimpaired. Its stones have been the silent witnesses of many a stirring drama, of vicissitudes that spelled both joy and tragedy for the congregation. Saved from destruction in spite of all the orgies of pillage that the city underwent in the Middle Ages, this somber pile, centuries old, serves the Jews of Prague to-day as a reminder of a past full of trials and dangers, yet sweetened and mellowed by memories of unswerving devotion and many joys.

How many writers has it not inspired, Jewish and non-Jewish, through the personalities of its famous rabbis and worshipers, the Grand Rabbi Loew and the Golem legend. The old cemetery, too, lying beyond the synagogue and containing

the graves of the most noted members of the community for hundreds of years, has been used by numerous writers as a setting for weird tales with macabre effects.

Its first impression upon me was colored by the circumstances of the visit. Upon our arrival in Prague we had received word that my stepson, the oldest Kohut boy, lay dying in New York. My husband and myself went directly to the synagogue, where he offered up prayers for his son's recovery.

In the dim room below the level of the street one was visited by reverie and contemplation of the Ark, the Scroll, and the seven-branched candlestick, which put one into communion, as it were, with the prophets of ancient Israel.

Decades later I visited the great synagogue in Amsterdam. The occasion was the Day of Atonement. The services are so awesome and tear-stained that they compelled the surrender of one's entire emotion. They were, that year, of a more pronouncedly tragic nature than they had been within living memory. It was the year after the end of the World War. The port of Amster-

dam was filled with refugee Jews, a noncombatant population which had fled from the theater of war and the pogroms of Eastern Europe and now waited, huddled at the seaport, for a chance to sail to a happier haven across the Atlantic. Demoralization as a result of war experiences characterized the situation. With other women I labored sixteen hours a day among the immigrants to restore a semblance of order, to find tasks for them to do which would lift them out of their despondency and restore to them some of the significance of life which war horrors and post-war depression had obliterated.

It was a congregation of the truly sad that met that year for Yom Kippur, and it did not need the solemnity of the service to force tears from their eyes. Working among them, and having but recently arrived from the devastated regions of France, some of the spirit of these unfortunates had been communicated to me. The services were a lacerating experience.

As I climbed the steep steps to the women's gallery I was filled for a moment with my old

rebelliousness against the separation of the sexes. It was with inward protest that I seated myself on the narrow wooden bench, extremely uncomfortable, where I chafed and wondered why the Jews of Europe had not made their synagogue attendance more restful. I thought of our New York synagogues and those in other American cities where every moment contributed to put the soul into a state of refreshing, cleansing renascence.

Next to me sat a little Russian mother. She was in tears, her pitiful frame convulsed with sobs. The ritual was racking her soul, it seemed. I attributed it to the prayers at first, but later I observed that there was a community of sorrow between her and a man on the floor below. White-bearded, bowed, he stood there enveloped in the traditional prayer shawl, chanting, with the others, the solemn service of the Day of Atonement. Their eyes were fixed upon one another, and by their two faces I could see that they were bound in a unity of suffering which reached unspoken heights. I asked my neighbor why she wept so. Her reply was that in a few days she

and her husband would be deported to Poland. Their home there was gone, it had taken all the strength of their feeble bodies to reach Amsterdam, they thought perhaps to find repose for their remaining days among relatives in the New World. But her husband had developed incurable trachoma. Beyond the age when vigor can triumph over environment, unable to face the prospect of again renewing a mean existence on unfriendly soil, cut off from their old surroundings, they had nevertheless to drag themselves back to eat the bread of sorrow for the rest of their lives.

But while she wept I could see that she was already resigned to her fate. She stopped crying long enough to say, "Somehow I think God will help," and it was given me to perceive that spirit which had sustained Israel through the long, weary centuries. While she had God she could endure the sufferings imposed by man, however unexplainable they might be.

Shame came over me as I reflected how a few minutes earlier I had been resentful merely because the women were in the gallery and the

bench was hard and narrow. My thoughts went back to the comfortable, better-planned synagogues in America, and I doubted that I had ever sensed there such fortitude of spirit as I now perceived in that old woman. The trappings and outer vestiges were insignificant in comparison with the travail of the soul. There are hundreds of communities where the Jews, huddled together, worship in prayer houses which Western standards would consider impossible. Yet there the unconquerable soul of Judaism, however meanly appareled, shines through the garments of poverty and misery.

Nevertheless, though I may be sentimental about the old synagogues, I do not think the spirit of worship in men will receive its death blow if the gallery is abolished and the sexes are seated together. I made this statement to various European rabbis, who looked upon me with amazement as some strange sort of radical from beyond the seas. And, indeed, any departure from customs that had the sanction of centuries was, to them, sinful.

So much emphasis is placed upon discipline

and outward observance in all religions that the spirit is often forgotten in the routine of customs. Reason is ignored. Thus, the late James Gibbons Huneker, that brilliant excursionist among the seven arts, told how he could never pass a Catholic church without lifting his hat, although decades before he had abandoned all belief in the church as the repository of the sacrament. If he passed a church without the hat-lifting ceremonial ordained in childhood he would make it a point to go back, and off his hat would come. If he didn't do this, he felt in some obscure way he would suffer hard luck.

There seems to be great fear among the orthodox of all theological beliefs that religion is losing out; that His Satanic Majesty is stalking abroad, and that, if we are not careful, human beings will degenerate so utterly that there will be no hope of saving mankind. It is just as well for each time and generation to take stock of its own limitations. It is as true of Judaism as of Christianity.

Fundamentalism versus Modernism is the same old story handed down through all the ages.

It is not so much how much one believes but what one believes. Moses saw the danger when, physically and spiritually separated from his flock for forty nights and forty days, he found upon his return that they were worshiping the golden calf. The Christian Fundamentalists are afraid even to inquire into man's origin, lest their whole theory of creation will be destroyed. In their menacing tendency to dominate the United States with the Methodist, Baptist, and allied sects as a sort of super-government they have already had laws passed, where possible, making it a crime to teach the theory of evolution. Now the evolutionists may be victims of one of the great imaginative delusions that have stirred mankind, but when we have Fundamentalists so fearful of facing a theory that is part of the world's intellectual property we see the Land of the Free in a state of cowardly terror. Citizens are commanded to stuff their ears when a biologist is speaking, except if that biologist happens to be Dr. Austin H. Clark of the United States National Museum, who discovers that, as far as concerns the major groups of animals, the

creationists seem to have the better of the argument. "There is not the slightest evidence," he says, "that any one of the major groups arose from the other. Each was a special animal; a special and distinct creation." So the Fundamentalists cheer up and prepare further persecution of knowledge and rationalistic people.

In Judaism the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy is called the struggle between the Orthodox and the Reformed. The Orthodox cry is that there must be no compromise: right is right and truth is truth, and whatever was handed down by our ancestors must be followed blindly and obediently. However, it has not yet been decided who is to interpret what is right and what is true. The interpretation of the law may be literal, but cannot be final. There is no Pope to speak to the Jews with pronunciamientos of infallibility. Each Jewish congregation governs itself, and, through self-government, sweeping reforms have been effected that have transformed the outward observances if not the inner spirit of Judaism in the last thirty years. The young immigrants to America at the start

of the century were eager for change. Just as they changed their language, their clothes, and their outlook, they were ready to accept changes in the form of their faith. This was to their parents the unforgivable sin. The attempt of parents to bring up their children in the ways of their own childhood was tragically unsuccessful.

My heart would fill with sorrow in some of these homes. I can see even now the tragedy depicted on one aged immigrant grandmother's face as she sat huddled in a corner of her son's dining room, refusing to eat non-kosher food with the family. Bewigged, wrinkled, and her shawl clutched tightly about her, she stared with tired eyes at the spiritual strangers, who were her son, his wife, and their children. Baffled, not understanding even the language they spoke, she muttered prayers, and presently tears welled in her eyes and fell unheeded down her parchment cheeks. The others, occupied with their own intense problems, paid no heed to her. The father, speaking in Potash and Perlmutter dialect, was loudly dominating the talk, making fearful jokes at the expense of his oldest son,

who was in faultless evening dress, preparing to escort a Gentile girl to a high-school dance. The mother, sensitive to her son's embarrassment, was pleading with her eyes for peace between the man and the boy she loved. The boy's face hardened. One could see the growing determination there to break away from this home, of which he was ceasing to be a part. One knew that only his mother's pleading eyes could hold him. The tragedy of three generations of Americanization was before me in that little room.

It is this tragedy that communal workers are trying to avert through creating an understanding by one generation of another in Jewish centers and synagogues and Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Associations.

The boys who wore the first dress suits before the astonished eyes of their parents, and who brought Harvard accents into homes where the mother tongue was Yiddish, have since become parents in their turn. I wonder whether they will have more success in bridging the gap between generations. One thing in their favor is that they have flexibility, an essential attitude when deal-

ing with the swiftly changing people of our day. But at best there is bound to be warfare of some sort between youth and age. It depends upon how it is handled whether this warfare remains a skirmish or becomes a major engagement. A self-willed generation can be led better by the car-ess than the blow. This has already been proved to a number of parents who thought to impose force where the exercise of diplomacy would have been better. And truly one has to be a diplomat to manage one's own children. They are franker than they used to be, and at the same time more complex. They develop in demands if not in usefulness more rapidly than children of an earlier period, and woe to the parent who does not try to keep up with them!

The world our young ones are growing up in presents intellectual problems with which it is difficult to cope. It is a long stride, a stride that took most peoples centuries to make, from the Dark Ages to the present Industrial Age. The Russian Jews especially have been asked to make that stride in a few years. Coming from the darkness of Czarist Russia, they now have open to

them a world of freedom. Their children have opportunities and educational possibilities that are unlimited.

In this connection I must own to a prejudice against the Talmud Torahs of Poland. I believe it more important for children to have air and exercise than to sit all day long in stuffy rooms on hard, unbacked benches, droning over and over words they do not understand. The supporters of these schools believe their system is the surest way to implant Judaism. I doubt it. One of the most distinguished Jewish spiritual leaders of Europe, the late lamented Dr. Chajes, Chief-Rabbi of Vienna, told me that it was from these Talmud Torahs that the great scholars came. There they received the sound foundation for their life work. Even so, I maintained that it was hardly wise or worth while to have ninety-eight boys stunted and unhealthy for the sake of two who might possibly become ornaments to learning. These boys could become just as good Jews with a few hours less of poisonous atmosphere. It makes me think of the workman who struck for a six-hour instead of

an eight-hour day. "Haven't I given you good treatment?" his employer demanded. "Yes," the workman conceded, "but I want two hours less of it."

We cannot get along without our scholars, but we could well afford in Poland, Lithuania, and elsewhere to trade a little scholarship for a little health. Sound, normal people: that should be the result at which to aim.

There are plenty of people who become sentimental about the old Talmud Torah now that they do not have to attend it, just as others like to dream about the little red schoolhouse.

Of course this is not an argument for allowing children to go without the necessary intellectual and spiritual training. The nature of boys and girls has not changed much, and I am sure there will always be a goodly number who upon leaving school in the afternoon will throw a backward glance at it and wish it would burn down overnight. There has to be some discipline of mind for children. There are many who argue that the European system of hard study is the best, and who contend that, as a result of it, the European

youth is much more mature than the American at the same age. But is precocious maturity desirable?

I am afraid I am not a hard taskmaster for children. I say this, not as a theorizer, but as one who has had much practical experience in educating the young in my own schools and those of others. The results—even when it comes to some possible responsibility for a woman like the Addie I have mentioned who denied her race—speak for themselves. Like other teachers, I had no uniform success, but I found that children who are not forced have turned out just as well as those for whom every minute was adjudged precious in forging ahead. And when I think of the all-day *Cheders* and the severe schools of middle Europe and the dreaded *rigorosum*—the final examinations at the high schools and universities—I am all for less punishment. It was by no means unheard of for an overwrought student to kill himself in fear of the impending ordeal. One begins to wonder if education ought to become an exact science or remain, for some generations at least, in the experimental stage;

whether it is better to know a great deal, or know a little and guess at the rest.

I am sometimes worried about the children who are being made the objects of the new experiments in education. They are put into the laboratory only to be turned out as elements from which the best has been extracted. I think it ought not to be given to anyone to announce himself as an educator. Teachers should be licensed not only for public schools, but for private institutions as well. I anticipate objections that this might bar some of the ablest men. Nevertheless, there should be an established standard. I think that, in this instance, the way to start is at the top, by obtaining a licensing board, chosen for high character and educational qualities rather than to suit political contingencies.

The mention of the Jews of Russia and Poland reminds me how carefully the poor families of Poland treasured their one set of books handed down for many generations, as compared with our own carelessness and extravagance, and the way we buy books, only to discard them after one

hurried reading. Of course, homes in New York are not built for the accommodation of large libraries. But in love of books, in love of learning, lies the glory and the salvation of the Jew. It is part of our racial heritage; a heritage in which the Jewess has at last acquired her share.

I am glad that my own day saw this emergence of the Jewess into the worldly activities of our people. It has generally been overlooked that the Jew was great because the Jewess was modest and retiring. She always allowed her husband to act out the drama as if the whole tragedy was his alone. Thus he could be seen upright, beating his breast, while the Jewess was seen stooped, bending over her work.

The effect of her present freedom has been enormous. And here again the young generation profits most, not only for Jewish womanhood, but for all Israel.

Since their earliest days in America there were Jewesses who were endeavoring to reach out for the professions and higher education. The roster of women who led the way in America would show a goodly number of them. When higher

education for women became general a large number of Jewish women trained for the professions; they became teachers and physicians and wrote for magazines and newspapers.

I remember as a young girl how my father planned cultural pursuits or occupations for each of his daughters. He realized how economic growth had doomed the hitherto sheltered life for women, and was glad that our sex could take a more active part in life outside of the home.

Pioneers of any great movement have usually been looked down upon. Any crusade in matters of religion, education, literature, art, or even dress is upsetting. Few crusaders have been popular in their day and generation. A young woman of to-day who takes her place in the professions without trouble and without thought little realizes how much the pioneers in the woman's emancipation movement had to go through before their aims were recognized.

The first great milestone was the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. This developed many new ideas and brought to American attention much knowledge not yet in

general circulation. The part that women played in the exposition was little short of a revelation. It was discovered that women were slowly but surely making inroads into the industrial and economic life in America and in no negligible way. A list of occupations of women prior to 1876 was meager. It would be staggering, I suppose, if one could tabulate all the things women can and must do to-day, not to mention their voting privilege.

There are many who still scoff at women voters, asserting that now that they have the vote they are doing very little with it. Either, it is said, they do not vote at all, or they vote unintelligently and according to the political leanings of their husbands, fathers or brothers. I would not like to think that such earnest souls as Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, and Anna Howard Shaw had worked to no purpose; that their successors treated lightly the benefits procured for them at so great cost. I do not take so frivolous a view of it. We must not expect all women to rise immediately to a consciousness of their political duty. It is enough for the present

that the minority of women who are political-minded have the right to avail themselves of the franchise as a weapon for the advancement and betterment of the human race.

It is quite true that it is only the minority that has ideals or is militant. We must provide for that minority. A strange process, perhaps, to reach the minority through the majority. Yet that is what democracy exists for—to assure the minorities of their rights.

Many women may still throw away their votes, but that does not detract from the value of the franchise. People are free to do many things which are to their advantage, but which they neglect. Let the right be taken away from them, and how they will howl!

One of the arguments I used in my campaigning for woman suffrage was that it did not matter whether women used the ballot or not; the injustice lay in failing to give them the right to use it. As soon withdraw from them the right of going to church. Nobody should compel them to go, but nobody should think of daring to prevent them.

To bar me personally from church would be an appalling hardship, for in all churches, of all creeds, I have found peace and a sense of communion with the Almighty. As a child in Richmond I was impressed by the serene Colonial beauty of the churches. They seemed to embody something of the spirit of the age of the great Virginians, Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry; to bring me a little closer to the individual greatness that filled the spirits of men in the days when human liberty and dignity were held sacred. It was this childhood hero worship that since has made me resentful of the "debunking" school of writers who try to bring the giants down from their pedestals. Perhaps some good may come of this "humanizing" of marble heroes; perhaps we needed a swing of the pendulum to know that Washington was, first, and foremost, a man, with many of the weaknesses to which flesh is heir. But I see this danger in it. People are prone to excuse their own weaknesses if they can find some notable person with similar failings. A heavy drinker points in companionable fashion to General Grant or Edgar Allan

Poe; the philanderer excuses himself on the ground that his habits were those of Byron; some thief, for all I know, may mentally range himself alongside of François Villon. But, while their imitation of vice is probably successful, they do not win Battles of the Wilderness, they do not write "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "Childe Harold," or "Ballade du Temps Jadis." "They ape the captain in defeat, but not in victory."

The past that colored life in Richmond was Colonial. When I went to San Francisco I was surprised to learn that the past dated from the gold rush of 1849. The synagogues and churches were stone-built: new, rich, substantial, beautiful. Gold had been poured into these buildings. The Temple Emanu-El was magnificent: a gorgeous example of Moorish architecture. During the harvest times the synagogues were loaded with fruits and flowers. At Easter the whole city flocked to the Catholic Cathedral to see the lilies: even the walls were massed solidly with these flowers.

When I came to New York the circumstances

of my trip made everything seem wonderful, and my heart having been given to Dr. Kohut, a great share of my love for him found expression in my devotion to the temple in Fifty-fifth Street and Lexington Avenue, over which he presided.

In my time in New York I have seen a new world of synagogues and churches grow up. It is true that changes in the character of the population of some neighborhoods have deprived old places of worship of parishioners, but the new ones seem able to attract faithful congregations. While alarmists lament the passing of old faiths, the people keep on building synagogues and churches and attending them. Religion remains deep-seated in the human heart. We are all children pleading to be taken care of and brought at last to our home in Heaven.

Abraham destroyed the idol and found God. Try to destroy God and turn to an idol. God will still be there.

CHAPTER VII: TEARS AND DUST

HENRIETTA SZOLD, writing her gracious introduction to my autobiography, expressed the feeling that I had put too much restraint upon myself. If I did it was not intentional. I let events pass in review as freely as I could. But perhaps it is not permitted to me to be greatly unrestrained. The world allows complete freedom of self-expression only to children, and not very long to them. Life disciplines the rest of us, whether we will or no. Some of us rebel, making a great to-do about it, but mostly we have to break down in the end and confess that, in our modern jargon, we are "inhibited" from doing this or that. Well, I have my inhibitions. Brought up in a rabbi's household and married to a rabbi, I have had training in restraint.

If now I am unable to let myself go more completely, it is not that I do not feel the need of unburdening my heart of many things. I do. Or else seek my female refuge in tears. I was born

in the days when women wept while men worked, and tears have always come readily to me. There is nothing that gives me quite so much relief as a good, old-fashioned cry.

Perhaps it is my Jewish nature to be sad. "Suffering is the badge of all our tribe." The Jewish face, even the comedian's face, is generally a sad one. I see a change among our young people. Perhaps they will find happiness, along with other blessings. But if you look at the face of an elderly Jew you will find as a rule that it is the face of one who suffers. Look especially at the Jewish face as portrayed by painters of the Jewish race. These paintings usually confine themselves in subject matter to reproductions of family life or of the rabbi at his books.

It is *Hard to Be a Jew*, as Scholem Aleichem points out in his popular play of that name. Scholem Aleichem shows two Russian students; one a Gentile, the other a Jew. The gay Gentile asks why the Jew is so sad. "I am worrying about my family; the oppression from which they suffer," the Jew replies. "You're making a lot out of nothing," says the Gentile. "If I were

a Jew I'd be just as gay as I am now. I'll prove it. You become me and I'll become you." They change names and papers of identity and go to parts where they are unknown. The Gentile's life as a Jew becomes tragic. Finally he has to turn Gentile again to save the Jews he loves from a pogrom. The Jew's life as a Gentile is sad because he still is conscious of the sufferings of his race.

Most of the books written by Jews, especially to-day, show him having dreadful experiences with life. Even the jokes of Jews about Jews carry with them a grotesque, sardonic pathos.

I often wish that, like Scaramouche, I had been born with the gift of laughter. I like happy, smiling faces about me. I like gayety, the sort of gayety I used to find in the old East Side cafés: the careless, irresponsible outpouring of high spirits. I like color and lightness and freedom. But these blessings my fairy godmother failed to bestow upon me. Probably some old witch hovered about to condemn me always to serious things, giving me an egoistic sense of responsibility. I usually feel that unless I attend

to matters that are crying for attention nobody else will. I have never been young, even when I was very young. I was the little girl who did not know how to play.

Still, I have seen the born playboys and play-girls of the world add thoughtlessly and immeasurably to its suffering. They are endlessly ready to let someone else do the worrying. And someone else always does. Yet the world does not provide peace for any of us. The light-hearted and gay turn heavy-hearted and gray, and the heavy-hearted, struggling through, frequently find inner gayety in a sense of victory won.

Now, since I have been ill, and am frequently very tired, I find it hard to realize that the victory must be won all over again, daily. My material needs are all supplied at a time when my need for them is least. The time has come when I could sit by the fire, hug my shawl about me, and just dream between meals, waiting for the Angel of Death to come.

I could. But there is the telephone that rings insistently. There is the huge pile of morning mail;

letters that must be answered forthwith, people pleading for or demanding help, requests that I speak at this meeting or that conference, business emergencies that require decision, social invitations. Life calls to me, and I must confess that in my heart I love to answer its call. I like people. I like activity. If I wanted to stop going it would not be easy. The activities to which I have devoted so many years keep driving me on. Consequently I undertake more than I can do, and then I feel baffled, exasperated, driven.

At this stage it is the customary thing for a modern woman who can afford it to enjoy a nervous breakdown. But instead of going to a sanatorium, I go off to a cemetery—a little prematurely. There, strange as it may seem to many, I find a great peace. Repose comes to me. I get straightened out. Gradually I find a perspective on my problems. I begin to restore order out of mental chaos. The power of prayer is restored to me, and, in answer to my prayers, comes fresh strength. Death all around impels me eagerly to live, to live as fully as I can while I can.

In cemeteries my propensity of tears finds vent, and the weeping generally proves quite refreshing: a sort of tear bath that has cleansing and purifying qualities.

We all live on different planes at different times in the day. We have our hours of exaltation, our hours of depression, our moments of triumph, our days of defeat. We are under the weather, or we get up out of the wrong side of the bed. We are frivolous, irritable, but, at our best, we have glimpses of immortality, in which we are lifted out of ourselves into a feeling of communion with God, the finest feeling that life vouchsafes us. I have felt at my best in cemeteries; I have reached the highest plane possible to me; I have walked among the graves, and the voices of the dead seemed to have something to say to me. Amid death I find meaning to life. While in the midst of living people, frequently I envy the dead; they are so restful.

In another age I probably would not have to defend my resort to cemeteries for spiritual comfort. But nowadays, when people discover my dark secret, they demand an explanation, or

rationalization of my "morbid" conduct. They regard the whole business of death as too painful to be faced, even if we all must face it. It is something one does not mention; and when it comes, one is whisked away as speedily as possible in a high-powered car, to be forgotten. As a little girl concluded, "Life is very sadder; God always comes and takes you up to heaven and then he doesn't even let you write letters home, much less let you pay a nice long visit."

It is not that I am cheerful about death; I intend to resist it as long as possible. As I gaze from the window of my home in New York out across Central Park when the trees and grass are green I get a little pang at the sheer loveliness of the world. Parks, like cemeteries, are adorned by nature in green, the color of hope.

Civilizations have been tested by the respect that they pay to their dead. Savages never built a Roman tomb. And here in America it was, until this generation, a national custom to visit the graves of our loved ones. Many of us still do. In my own case, go where I will, my presence in a burial ground always brings me back to the

little plot in Richmond where my mother and brother lie buried. There are flowers and all that is beautiful. I see the tombstone marked "Mother," and I feel my own mother's presence near me. I feel the influence of her faith—in God—in me.

Back of these loved ones who have gone there were generations of Jews whose sufferings, whose joys, are part of me, giving meaning and direction to my life. Then there is my Hungarian heritage. I visit the graves of my ancestors in Hungary and think of the centuries they passed in that country of song and color.

And in America, the land to which I was brought as a child, I find in the old cemeteries something precious and splendid, the spirit of the men who framed our Bill of Rights and Declaration of Independence. Their tombs do not let one forget. In these graveyards I find afresh my ideals. Old ones, certainly; but ideals one may live by. I am always surprised anew when I discover Americans who pay only lip service to the generous feeling for human equality that inspired the Revolutionary heroes.

I experience a genuine shock when I discover the Daughters of the Revolution indulging fantastic fears of freedom of speech.

Is there a new spirit developing in the United States, something hard, in which ideals play little part, or is it just a temporary phenomenon?

Bitterly as I feel about the outrages committed by the Ku Klux Klan and its sympathizers, I am not without understanding of the fears that lie back of their activities. If they conclude that all decency lies in the lives of white, Nordic Protestants their critics afford them valuable ammunition for attack upon those who do not come up to the Nordic Protestant specifications. The critics to whom I especially refer are generally known as "sophisticates." Not that I am opposed to true sophistication. When I plead for knowledge and more knowledge as the solution of evils that beset us I wish it for all people. A truly sophisticated person could never be taken in by the propagandists of the Nordic-Protestant myth. True sophistication is marked by calm and patience, by understanding and good-humored tolerance; it has a nicely adjusted

sense of values. But, in its popular sense, the word "sophisticate" carries with it the aroma of indecency. If I read certain New York dramatic reviewers and they tell me that a new play is "civilized" and "sophisticated" I feel fairly sure that they are advising me that the play is off-color, but with a Park Avenue or Shaftesbury accent.

When "sophistication" seeks to break up ideals with no program for reconstructing them in a nobler mold the result is corruption. Most people are not sufficiently experienced or educated for real sophistication. They take the attitude without possessing the requisite foundation of knowledge. The result is disaster. Such people always work havoc. From the dangerous ground of carping disbelief it is only a step to action lacking in scruples and moral conviction, to disintegration of body and mind.

Undoubtedly there are many who now lie in their graves in country churchyards who were narrow and unpleasant in their views and reactions. But we must not pride ourselves too much upon our superiority. The advantages we

now possess were brought about mainly by America's progress. And there can be no progress without loss of many things that are fine and precious. It is as if we were running a race, and, like wandering Jews, we were carrying all of our possessions upon our backs. To reach a certain goal ahead of others we find we have to throw away things to which we are dearly attached. Into the ditch go family heirlooms, ancient books on parchment, carefully wrought silver and gold, hallowed by centuries of use. The gabardine is presently cast off. We run fast and freely. We cannot look back; we cannot pause to ask anyone in what direction we are going. Direction does not matter, as long as we have speed, for we have reached the strange conclusion that speed is in itself progress. But, as G. K. Chesterton points out in one of his more thoughtful moments, you have to define what you mean by progress if you are to have any progress at all. It is progress, truly, if a baby, who has always fallen at the first step, learns to toddle across the full length of the crib without a fall. It is progress if man aims to fly from New York

to Paris without a stop and a Colonel Lindbergh[^] does it. It is progress if a man aims to get his pay increased five dollars a month and succeeds. But in its broad American sense, are we quite sure that we are making progress to-day? Can we measure the gains and losses we have experienced from the days of the pioneers to the days of the radio, photo-tone, skyscrapers, and flying machines? Have we any measuring rod by which we can make tests?

My own measuring rod is very simple and homely: an instrument that has been used by many people in many lands through all ages. And yet, I think it serves. The test I try to make for all things is whether they answer affirmatively or negatively the question, "Does it tend to promote human kindliness?" An airplane soaring in the sunshine like a great golden bird may appear to me as a symbol of the obliteration of space, capable of making all the world acquainted; a glorious emblem of beauty and human welfare. And then I think of the war that first developed flying on a wide scale. I think of the world parliaments beggaring themselves to

increase the fighting efficiency of their aircraft. The great golden bird turns into a demoniac bird of prey, ready to devour humanity. Radio and cinema frequently afflict me with a sense of despairing futility, in spite of their occasionally excellent achievements. But I am confident of the new happiness that they have brought into many homes, where men who, as Thoreau pointed out, live in a state of "quiet irritation" have need of distraction. Here are moral substitutes for war or persecution of neighbors.

If this book I am writing means anything, it means above all an affirmation of my faith in the progress of human happiness here in America. It is a record principally of the progress of my own people in the last forty years, encouraged by the opportunity that America has offered. But, in my old graveyard fashion, I cannot help looking back from the period of transition and trying to evaluate things that have been lost in the race forward. The Jew has been well to the fore in all of the developments of new industry. He dominates motion pictures, he exercises a controlling influence in radio, through the Guggenheim

Foundation he helps prodigiously in the progress of flying; he has developed great new sources of national wealth, through which the whole nation shares increased prosperity. In his eagerness for knowledge he has gone into colleges and worked so feverishly that the old-time educational authorities whose ideal was to turn young Americans into Eighteenth Century English gentlemen have been worried. Young Jews have been preponderant in certain medical schools and law schools.

If the Jew is keener as a business man, a more enterprising pioneer in new business fields, a more diligent student in professional lines, it is natural under the economic laws of a competitive capitalistic civilization that he should reap the rewards of his superiority. But superiority is of itself a thing to breed hatred. As a young soldier told me during the war, he would not accept a corporal's stripes "because once you are a corporal you lose all your friends." There is always some envy attached to anyone's advancement. And Gentiles, of the Ku Klux Klan ilk, pay us the tribute of envy.

One hears much talk among Gentiles about "the right kind of Jew." People have even told me to my face that I was "the right kind of Jew," and somehow, instead of feeling gratified, I have burned with inner rage. What is "the right kind of Jew"? Is he distinguished in any way from the right kind of American of any race? The right kind of American is one who obeys the laws and customs of his country, fights for it if needs be, and worships his God in his own fashion, according to the dictates of his conscience, free from outside interference.

It is this failure to worship God, any god, that I find distressing among many of the rising generation of Jews, although my faith is firm that they will return to the God of Israel. They need Him, their Creator, possibly more than they ever needed Him in their ghetto days.

Not only, however, are they not permanently lost to Judaism, but it is even possible that from among those who have been apathetic may come the men and women who will lead Israel. It has happened before. Theodor Herzl, who lent his inspiration and genius to the furthering of the

Zionist movement, was for many previous years apathetic to his race and religion.

I look upon present-day godlessness as a reaction from a faith that has been carried sometimes to wild extravagance. I think of a certain family on the East Side. There were fourteen children, a hard-working, self-sacrificing, heroic mother—a typical Jewish mother—and a praying father. They could not afford child after child but in those days nobody ever paused to consider whether they could afford or not. The children just happened along. The mother—she was very old-fashioned—welcomed each one of them in turn, and worked for them and prayed for them while she worked. She would have fought like a wild cat if anyone had tried to take her children from her to put them in some charitable institution. And, sensible as an institution might have seemed as a solution of her economic problem, she would have been humanly right. But her husband was not concerned with economic problems. He did not work; he prayed. He prayed and he prayed and he prayed.

When I was confronted with this case I admit

I lost my temper and suggested to him that he had a duty before God to provide bread and butter and clothes and meat and schooling for his children. I felt like taking him by the shoulders and shaking him into a realization of his position. But he was serene and undisturbed. The real mystic is never annoyed by the slings and arrows of fortune. His reply, with which he sought to overwhelm me and reduce me to a state of less than dust, was that he did work, and his work was much more important than that of providing for a family, even his own; he prayed for the whole world!

Truly, unintelligent goodness can be turned into vice. Possibly the greatest sorrows in the world are caused by people who are just trying to do their duty according to their lights. The Jew-baiting, Catholic-hating, Negro-burning, America-über-alles fanatics are trying painfully to be good.

The blood of humanity drips from the hands of those who in countless wars fought *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. Yet, in spite of these ferocious crusaders, I sense the need of religion for every-

one; not religion as it is expressed in modern political-circus pulpits, both Jew and Gentile, but religion that makes men walk with God in love and kindness.

It is easy for me to have faith, not only because I was born the daughter of a rabbi and married a rabbi, and had back of me generations of rabbis and scholars, but because I feel the need of it. And needing it is almost achieving it. If the prayerful father of fourteen children carried prayers to a ridiculous extent, prayer itself remains good. It is the refuge to which we all have to turn when everything else fails. When the world is too much with me and a cemetery is far off I have stepped into any church or synagogue, seeking God and finding Him. Especially have I found Him in old Orthodox synagogues, where centuries of tears and supplication have created hallowed ground.

The Jew has need of tears. I think of the *Maggid* type of rabbi who went from house to house and from city to city and gave the people a chance to weep, gave them a real pious reason for weeping, and, perhaps, gave them an outlet

which saved their reason in days of persecution.

Statistics have often been used to try to prove that there is more emotional instability among the Jews than among other peoples. I am no statistician, and I have no power to test the figures. They have been eloquently disputed, but I would not be surprised if they were true, and I wonder whether this loss of mental equilibrium has not been caused by the pent-up feelings of Jews who have not been able to find an outlet through tears. The sorrow of the Jew is the saddest legacy of the ages. He has perforce been rich in suffering when he was rich in nothing else.

What the Jew found in tears others found in wars, which permitted them to picture themselves as noble, righteous, brave, heroic, self-sacrificing. The exaltation of war is followed by the aftermath of pain and sorrow. It is the aftermath that the Jew has found to be his lot throughout the centuries. Persecution hung over him at all times, never completely relaxed, seldom completely applied; like a sword of Damocles on part-time duty. To the Middle European Jew it seemed that there was nothing he could

do about it but weep, and in weeping he found momentary relief. His face is still stained with tears. And I weep for him.

Dante has put low in the Inferno those who willingly dwell in sorrow, but, like the little hovel of the beggar in which there is some comfort, sorrow becomes sometimes man's most intimate friend, and he would rather dwell in Hades with it than feel strange and lonesome in a palace.

CHAPTER VIII: OLD NEW YORK

RECENTLY I have been making spiritual trips into the past, and in doing so I have endeavored as far as New York is concerned to conform to the spirit physically. I rambled through all my old haunts, particularly the East Side and through the Yorkville section. The other night I walked over to Beekman Place, my old home, looking on the way for every detail that would link me with the past. I stopped at the old synagogue at Fifty-fifth Street and Lexington Avenue, where my husband ministered. Again I stood by the mail box at the corner, where he used to drop the letters to his mother every Friday night.

Then I walked down to Fifty-first Street and the East River. Many brownstone houses still remain as traces of other days. I looked for familiar faces in the windows. The new and expensive apartment houses seemed to separate old friends from one another. The time-worn

brownstone homes reminded me of aged folk thrust aside by their too vigorous offspring. The old corner house in which I once lived has been remodeled and given a touch of Greenwich Village decoration.

I missed the neighborhood butcher at the corner of Fifty-first Street and First Avenue, but the local druggist and undertaker were still carrying on their trades. Both reported business was good.

Beekman Place has something in common with the old courtyard of the Louvre: they both have cobblestones. Across the street towers a modern apartment house. Both palace and skyscraper look down upon a river, flowing along as unconcernedly as in the days of Peter Stuyvesant. Slowly, but surely, perhaps a little more slowly than many other parts of the city, Beekman Place is yielding to the pressure of time and change. But somehow I felt, as I looked up and down the street and walked around my old home, that the spirit of those who lived long ago in this quiet nook of old New York was still there.

Paris, to make a comparison, has during its

history been subjected to considerable physical change, but the change has been practically imperceptible during one lifetime. A man could have lived in Paris as a youth, spent his middle years elsewhere, and returned in old age to find the city much the same. That is a consolation denied us New Yorkers. The more rapid the process of construction in a city becomes, the more certain it is that it will never be completed. If they had started to build Paris during the era of rapid building it would still be unfinished after six hundred years!

• In what a hustle-bustle world one finds one's self to-day! Is it because there is more work to do, or is it because people are more alive and desire more activity? When someone asked me recently if I knew on how many committees I had served I replied, after a moment's thoughtful consideration, that there must be, at least, fifty-seven.

The mental briskness and energy of this furious age is reflected, of course, in the world of material things. Everywhere one hears the sound of engine, riveting machine, and derrick.

There is hardly a block below Seventy-second Street where a skyscraper is not going up, and if you are absent for several weeks a new architectural wonder greets you upon your return. The disappearance of old landmarks makes an elderly person reflective.

I notice that most of the houses on lower Fifth Avenue which were pointed out to me when I first came to New York as being the mansions of the élite have disappeared. They belonged to the period of barouches and coupés and footmen, of tally-hos and hansom cabs.

A great diversion on the Sabbath afternoon of long ago was to walk to Central Park, sit on a bench, and watch the smart equipages go by. Sometimes one could recognize a friend, but not many people whom I then knew had private carriages. If they had, they were likely to be surreys or buggies, to which no social distinction was attached. The great thrill was to see the famous trotter of Nathan Straus, who was then an ardent whip, but who, thank God, did many things more precious with his life than make equine history.

Mostly we rode in horse cars and the new trolley cars, which were regarded as demons of destruction. Toward Spanish War days the bicycle brought in a new excitement. Jacob H. Schiff and Felix Adler were among the first to acquire the popular habit. And the nation discovered that women had legs. Ladies were actually seen in public in bloomers, and I confess that I for one was shocked to the depths of my being. It was bad enough to wear a split skirt, but anyone who wore bloomers was definitely "not nice." Yet bloomers were, in a way, a symbol of emancipation. Women were beginning to mix with men in athletics and business. One soon heard of "the bachelor girl," and there was a strange creature, regarded with much suspicion, who was called "the suffragette." I was one, and how amusing we were to the cartoonists. Women in politics! Daddy minding the babies! It really was too absurd.

Then great gashes were cut in the city streets; a mysterious thing called "the subway" was being built. Automobiles were becoming fairly frequent. Even children had ceased to cry,

"Getta horse!" as the cars sputtered by, the occupants wearing dusters and goggles—"automobile caps" for men and "automobile veils" for ladies. Then, suddenly, it seemed, taxicabs arrived from everywhere. The streets of New York were overrun. Heavy murderous trucks made play unsafe. Central Park was just about ruined by automobile traffic: the odor of gasoline everywhere; beautiful trees and plants withering.

As I look from my window now I see skyscrapers in all directions. There are so many that I do not even attempt to identify them. And I recall the amazement with which we all greeted the erection of the Flatiron Building at Twenty-third Street. A tower of steel swaying in the wind!

Madison Square was the center of activities when I came to New York from San Francisco. I had long dreamed of the chance to visit the theaters in that district; the Madison Square, Daly's, and Wallack's. I wanted to see the great actors: Booth, Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, Billy Florence, Mary Anderson, Ada Rehan, John

Drew, Fanny Davenport, Georgie Cayvan, Lester Wallack, Rose Coghlan, Marie Wainwright, all glamorous people. And I yearned to visit the New York shops.

Grand Street was a popular shopping center in the 'eighties. Ridley's department store and Lichtenstein's millinery shop were still there. But most of the shops had already moved to Fourteenth Street, or even up to Twenty-third. Sixth Avenue was the great shopping center. Between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, one passed Altman's, Simpson-Crawford's, O'Neill's, and Ehrich Brothers. Later came Siegel Cooper's, at Eighteenth Street, famous for its "Meet Me at the Fountain" advertising, referring to the great soda-water stand in the center of the store. The building was later taken over by Greenhut's, and after the war it served as a temporary hospital for disabled men. Macy's was the great magnet in Fourteenth Street, and in Twenty-third one found McCreery's and Stern Brothers. What names they were with which to conjure a young woman from the Coast! How exciting they were to the imagination!

My husband had a fondness for silk-lined clothes, and every second year the family would go with him to Brokaw's, the men's standard outfitters on Astor Place, in order to buy a silk-lined frock coat. This was an event looked forward to with pleasant anticipation and conducted with due ceremony by all the members of our family. A mild form of deception had to be practiced, for Alexander Kohut, with that self-sacrificing spirit exhibited by all good parents, felt that he could ill afford to humor his own desires in the matter of clothes while there were eight rapidly growing children in his family whose needs should come first.

Great was the occasion, therefore, when we could persuade him that his raiment had passed the stage of respectability, no matter how carefully we brushed and ironed it, and so we set off for Brokaw's, where a kindly young man, who knew by long experience our method of procedure, welcomed us with a smile, and diplomatically began with the cheapest and poorest stock, and gradually worked up through the different grades and styles until he reached the

silk-lined stage, with my husband still protesting that he could not afford the price.

Passing his gentle fingers over the satin smoothness of the coat he desired so much, like a musician softly caressing his beloved piano keys, Dr. Kohut would allow the seductiveness of the material to beguile him, while near by, George, his eldest son, would be rapidly calculating by finger tips touching lips the amount of money involved in the transaction.

"I am afraid we cannot afford it," my husband would say with a sigh. "My family of growing children, you know; but——" Again the white, tapering fingers lovingly pinched the rich silk material, while the salesman, knowing the routine, smiled indulgently.

Then the family would join in a chorus of extravagant praise of the coat, and Dr. Kohut would yield to our persuasion. Out would come his bill fold, and the long-looked-for occasion would be over for another two years.

I well remember when I first participated in a social function at old Delmonico's, then the holy of holies of smart society. I had been

married about a year, and, as a rabbi's wife, my trousseau was planned very conservatively. In those days a young married woman was supposed to wear a bonnet with ribbon under her chin and a dress that would last a long time. The gown I was wearing was perhaps not called a century gown, but it should have been; it was made for durability, not for style; it could have lasted through the changing fashions of ten decades. But on this particular day it seemed somehow adequate to me. I did not know New York.

When I arrived at Delmonico's, with its halo of wealth and social prestige, and walked up the red-velveted stairs to be presented to my hostess, I felt myself alone among hundreds of brilliantly attired women. I was wondering whether to stay. My confusion must have been evident, for a kind-hearted woman came up to me and engaged me in conversation. We had no common ground of interest, but when she said she was from California I was delighted and thought my troubles were over.

I could then discourse by the hour on the glo-

ries of California, but on this occasion, when five minutes' conversation would have proved a blessing and life-saver, I could not think of anything to say but, "Great country, isn't it?" I kept saying that for a length of time that just about seemed to spell eternity. It was for all the world like the young Heine meeting the Olympian Goethe for the first time, and murmuring, "The cherries on the way to Weimar are very nice indeed!"

At subsequent visits to Delmonico's I never met another Californian, but if I had she would not have escaped without hearing my full and complete confirmation of the beauties of its rivers, its climate, its highways; its superiority over the rest of the world.

I could be very modest about New York. I can yet. It never occurs to me to brag of the opera and symphony concerts, the theaters, the shops, the museums, the schools, or the speakeasies. But I yield to no person living in the matter of blizzards. There may be occasional gales of importance in the Arctic, even in the Antarctic, but these are probably trifles compared with

the blizzard in New York. The blizzard, of course, of 1888.

I had been married then for about a year. We awoke one March morning in Beekman Place to find the city covered with a heavy blanket of snow. It kept snowing for three days, steadily, heavily. Shanties were buried by it. No one could venture out. There was no milk, and, of course, no transportation of any kind. Roofs collapsed under the weight of snow. Many persons were killed in accidents during the storm, and others lost their footing and were submerged in snowdrifts. But people were much better equipped in those days to stand siege than they are now. A good housekeeper always bought food in bulk. We had big closets jammed with supplies. After the first day we were snowed in, and it was for us a pleasant adventure. We were comfortable and cozy until a path could be dug to our door. And once the path was dug, the stream of visitors who made life in Beekman Place memorable for us started to find their way to us again.

What a host of interesting individuals they

were! They represented every shade of thought and action: the seven arts, finance, philanthropy, scholarship, the pulpit, and the forum. Also knocking at our doors were a procession of freaks and cranks and all of the horde of annoying people that gather about a kind-hearted rabbi.

I recall especially an irresponsible vagrant named Wagshall: a splendid physical specimen with a fine military bearing—he said he had been a soldier in Hungary—but his splendor did not extend to his mind. He had an eye to the business of obtaining money without working, and his method was simple: sheer intimidation. He was a master of invective; his voice was sonorous and penetrating. When the rabbis of New York failed to yield money to him he would stand in front of their homes and curse them so roundly that they usually surrendered and paid blackmail to gain temporary peace. Men are like that. Even such a man as Dr. Kohut.

To the Kohut children, Wagshall seemed Beelzebub himself. They were in a strange land, suddenly brought from the little city of Grosswardein to the metropolis of New York. The

shadow of their mother's death still hung over them. They were timid about America, and they became pale when they heard the name of Wagshall. One would always know when he was in the neighborhood, because the children, frightened by his hateful scowls and menacing gestures, would come running breathless into the house.

One day he came stalking into Beekman Place and he paused to shout at the young ones. As usual, they came running to shelter. At the sight of their white faces a blazing fury swept through me. For a long time I had suffered like the rest of the household from the menace of Wagshall. It was important that Dr. Kohut should be shielded from interruption as he labored on his great Talmudic Dictionary. It was important that the children should be safeguarded from terror. It was of vital importance that Wagshall should be silenced. I was too indignant when I went out to confront him to have any control of what I did or said. Normally I was as afraid of him as anyone else, but this time I was a woman who had seen children with white faces. There was murder in my heart; it must have found

expression in my voice. It was only incidentally that I mentioned that I would send for a policeman and have Wagshall arrested. But my triumph was complete. Wagshall stood gaping and left hurriedly. He never returned to Beekman Place. There was one rabbi the less for him to exploit. And all because hell hath no fury like that of a mother when her young are threatened. All women become brave; even if they weep a little from sheer nerve-strain later.

I have an idea that Wagshall was insane, with paranoiac tendencies. There were a number of such people in the Jewish colonies. They may originally have been boys and girls of fair mentality, but persecution, pogrom horrors, and expulsion from their homes had so reacted on their minds that they were definitely dangerous. Many spiritual leaders were victims of these lunatics, and, since philanthropy was not organized and street begging was not a penal offense, the rabbis had their hands full. Their annoyers came when one dined and refused to budge. There was no such thing as a meal, especially a Sabbath meal, in peace.

In our own case we dined in the basement front, and as we sat down we almost looked for a rush of beggars to the windows. Our friend, Adolph Benjamin, famed under his Hebrew pen name of "Ish-Yemini" (The Right-hand Man), was always with us on the Sabbath, and he had the special duty of going to the window to announce that the rabbi was not to be disturbed at that hour.

That these paranoiacs were not to be dealt with lightly was proved when one of them shot and wounded Dr. Henry Pereira Mendes, the noted rabbi of Shearith Israel Synagogue, who had aided him a number of times. These men, when their ever increasing demands were not granted, were particularly venomous toward their benefactors.

The danger of attack made us naturally wary of strangers. And I admit I was especially suspicious of one Dr. Felberman. He appeared one day at Beekman Place and told us that he had known Dr. Kohut during his student days in Breslau. My husband did not remember him at all, but he was completely fascinated. This Dr.

Felberman was a facile, brilliant talker, and he seemed to be a sound scholar; at least my husband, who was of all things a penetrating judge of learning, admitted him into intellectual comradeship. They talked together hours on end. But, with womanly intuition, I watched this visitor carefully. He had a way of mentioning the greatest names in the literary and financial world casually, carelessly, as if he and they were intimate friends. When he talked of his estate in Hungary and his house in London I began to wonder whether his imagination were not working overtime.

"Here," he said to Dr. Kohut, "is the key to my London house. Use it when you go there. My manservant is always in residence there, prepared at any time to wait upon my friends, however unexpectedly they may come." He said he was visiting Mr. Elliot Shephard and spent much of his time with the Kissams and Vanderbilts. Dr. Kohut believed everything he said, but George and I, much more suspicious and fearful, wondered whether he might not be a fraud.

George had been reading a great many detec-

tive stories at that time, and he felt that he could play Nick Carter and expose the villain. So he took it upon himself to be the sleuth, and I am sure that his gumshoe tactics must have been dramatic and mirth-provoking. At any rate, they were funny to Dr. Felberman, who crushed George's detective yearnings forever. Just when George was standing before the Shephard home, peering in through the glass-paneled door, Dr. Felberman came out. He laughed and said to the boy, "What are you doing, spying on me?"

He came to the house the next day and he and Dr. Kohut had their moment of raillery, laughing at the suspicions of George and myself. Dr. Felberman became good friends with George, taking him about town, and upon one occasion introduced him to F. Marion Crawford, who gave George an autographed copy of *The Witch of Prague*. We have only recently received some letters from Dr. Felberman, now in his eighty-third year, in which he refers mirthfully to our early suspicions of him.

CHAPTER IX: BOOKMAN, JUDGE, AND POET

IT WAS in 1899, or thereabouts, while we were spending our summer vacation at Arverne, Long Island, that a stout man with brown eyes, a red moon face, and a broad grin was brought to our home as a guest. He was conspicuous only for his silence, so I fancied he would be dull company and I resigned myself to the tiresome fate of a hostess who has an unresponsive stranger in the house.

In those days Arverne was not crowded with people and cottages as it is to-day. Our house was a full block away from the ocean, but the beach reached almost up to our door. Across this beach the morning after our guest's arrival I saw a man, in one of the floppily decorous bathing suits that the modest males of the 'nineties wore, making his way toward the Atlantic at the unholy hour of six o'clock. He took a dip, and as he came toward the house, dripping, I recognized him as

our guest. A strange guest he was. He stayed for a week, and every day, all day, he kept trotting back and forth from the house and into the ocean. After each dip he returned to lie abed to read or sleep. One day he confessed that he had been in the water twenty times. I asked why he didn't stay in once he got in, and he replied that he liked the sensation of feeling that he was taking a fresh bath each time.

We were bored with him. He ate a great deal, he smiled a great deal, and he said virtually nothing. But just before the week of his stay was over, just when we were ready to breathe a sigh of relief that he would be gone, he won my heart completely, entirely, forever. He started to talk haltingly in a low voice that struggled for expression. He talked about the family history of the Kohuts and the Bettelheims, and paid us the honor of knowing all about us. He knew of the Bettelheims in Hungary, and of the centuries in which the tradition held that the eldest son would be a rabbi or physician or both. He knew of my ancestor, Leopold, physician to Princes at the Royal Court, of the gold medal he had re-

ceived from the Emperor Francis I, and of the monument erected in his honor in the town of Freystadt. He knew of the progressive principles that had led my father to leave Hungary, following his classmate, Dr. Benjamin Szold, to America. And he knew of Dr. Alexander Kohut, the friend of Kossuth, the author of the *Aruch Completum*, that great Talmudic lexicon in Hebrew, and the leader of the Conservative division of Judaism in America.

From his vest pocket he took some twenty or thirty newspaper clippings, some of them only with a few lines, but all of them dealing with my husband and George Kohut.

Suddenly I became enormously interested in this man who took such an interest in us. I could have hugged him. I wanted him to stay forever, smiling, eating, bathing, and sleeping to his heart's content, and talking to me about the Kohuts and the Bettelheims.

The man's name was Freidus. Not Mr. Freidus or A. Freidus or B. Freidus. Just Freidus. One would no more think of putting "Mr." in front of his name than one would refer to "Mr."

Maimonides. Freidus, if you don't know, was librarian of the Jewish Division of the New York Public Library. But he was more than that. He was a man; a "character." A generation will pass before the mention of that section of the library will not instantly associate itself in the mind with his cherubic red face, lit up by a broad smile; reticent, phlegmatic, kindly, but so firm an earthquake could not shake him.

The Jewish Division seemed hopelessly disorderly, even to me who had grown up in the poetic disorder of a scholar's study. Yet whatever was asked of Freidus was instantly produced. The absentminded, monosyllabic presiding divinity of the division was indispensable to the graybearded Talmudists, to the young theological students, to the rabbis, and to the writers from all over the country who were there for research. The greater the demands they made upon his time and patience, the broader his grin.

"Are you sure, Freidus, are you sure, that this is all there is to the subject?" For answer, an expanded grin. No further guarantee was needed that the topic had been completely covered.

There were two reasons, perhaps, for one's faith in his knowledge of the broad field that was his province. One was his handwriting, which was as exquisite as the characters that adorn old parchment scrolls. The other reason was—clippings. Meet Freidus anywhere, strolling, say, on Fifth Avenue. He would put his hand in his pocket and out would come an appropriate newspaper cutting. For me the scrap of print would often contain only one word, "Kohut," "Aruch," or "Rebekah." At first I thought our family alone was thus honored; afterward I learned that Freidus carried a clipping tucked away for every one he knew.

He came to our house often in New York and one unconsciously began to love him for just the things that were at first so annoying: his moon face—jokingly we called him "the man in the moon"—his reticence, his grin, and the monotonous tone of his voice. Unless one talked of books or of brown-eyed girls Freidus seldom spoke. When he spoke of brown-eyed girls he smiled.

We often deplored the fact that he lived in

poverty, and we knew that he sometimes suffered the pangs of hunger, although he never admitted it and really never showed it. But if one, tactfully as may be, suggested financial aid, he would say, "I am only a librarian" —as if that settled it.

My son George spoke to Jacob H. Schiff, who was the patron saint of the Library, and asked him if there were no way whereby Freidus's salary could be increased. Mr. Schiff took the matter up and I think was a little provoked to learn that Freidus refused the proffered increase. Freidus thought that fifty dollars a month was quite enough for a librarian. "But you need more of everything, you ought to live in a better room, you ought to have new clothing; you must have many needs that you cannot satisfy." His answer always was, "Librarians only need books."

While he was indispensable to scholars, he was indispensable to me, too. Whenever I had any writing to do that touched upon Jewish subjects I would telephone him and ask him whether he had a bibliography. When I would arrive at the library I would find a table piled high with the books in question, and he would say, "This is all

there is on the subject." Invariably he was right.

I have mentioned the smile on his face when one would tease him about liking girls with brown eyes. I asked him one day, when we were in a confidential mood, "Freidus, aren't you ever going to be married?" Of course his answer was, "I am a librarian," which meant, "I only get fifty dollars a month." "But," he continued, "since I do not intend marrying, I will say that if I were to marry, she would have to have brown eyes."

"Didn't you ever like a girl that had blue eyes?" I asked.

His voice became sad and his face became serious as he said, "Yes, once I loved a girl with blue eyes, but she did not love me, so I made up my mind that, although I shall never marry, I shall only like girls with brown eyes."

His unwillingness to allow his friends to help him often led us to scold him. He was one of those human beings who put much into life and take out of it virtually nothing; nothing except happiness, a serene spirit, a good conscience, and the admiration of hosts of friends. His willingness to

serve was consecrated. The greater the favor you asked of him, the more help you required of him, the more he smiled and served you.

For all his phlegm he was extremely sensitive. Once, it seemed, some ill-intentioned person had tried to oust him from his position, and it was obvious that if he, the perfect, the complete librarian, were to be driven away, he would not survive. Happily, Mr. Schiff straightened the matter out and wrote to Freidus a letter assuring him he need not worry as long as he, Mr. Schiff, lived.

One day it was discovered that Freidus was to be fifty years old and we decided to give him a surprise party. All his friends in New York were enjoined to secrecy and letters were sent all over the country to those who knew him and respected him, and they were asked to send some word of greeting for the occasion. The "party" took place in our home and among those present were: Rev. Dr. F. de Sola Mendes, Peter Wiernik, Reuben Brainin, Philip Cowen, Dr. Maurice Fishberg, and Dr. Isidore Singer. Consternation took hold of us, however, on the morning of the

party because, although Freidus had faithfully promised to dine with us, one could never be sure of him, and we were panic-stricken at the thought that the birthday child might not be there to be surprised.

Then we were worried that he might come in his working clothes, which were never too beautiful. He was told that there might be a girl with brown eyes and to be sure to put on his *Shabbas* suit. It thundered and lightened that evening and rained torrents. The guests arrived promptly and were hidden in one of the rooms. Before the last moment came Freidus appeared, drenched to the skin, having forgotten his umbrella. He had run for two blocks to our house and was of course breathless. However, these little difficulties were soon overcome and he was ushered into the room where waited his friends, many of whom had worked with him on the Jewish Encyclopedia, and others who were his honored visitors at the library. One had to tell him a number of times that he was fifty years old and that it was his birthday party before we were sure that he grasped the situation.

The menu of the dinner was true to the familiar fare of his haunts on the lower East Side, and Freidus had conveniently increased his usual healthy appetite. During the dinner a young boy who had a superb voice and who promised to be a second Caruso, sang some Hebrew melodies. The little fellow, named Witstein, was a protégé of some of us and made our guests blissfully happy with his wonderful voice and beautiful ballads. Alas! the young lad died when seventeen years old, in the same year that Freidus himself was gathered to his forefathers.

In addition to other things, Freidus was the official custodian of the funds allotted to take care of Naphtali Herz Imber, the gifted poet, whose eccentricities were once the talk of New York. The allotment was made by Mayer Sulzberger, President of the Court of Common Pleas in Pennsylvania, the first Jewish Judge to attain national recognition.

Judge Sulzberger himself was quite a character; a forceful, dominant personality, with a biting wit, a withering power of sarcasm, a tremendous fund of knowledge, a fine face and head,

and a tender heart. He liked Imber; he enjoyed his impudence. When the pair of them were together the sparks flew from their rapierlike talk. Imber, while something of a genius, was also something of a *poseur*. Saturated, drunk with poetry, he was a romantic character, even if he were just playing the part. The part he played with Judge Sulzberger was that of the court jester, and, like the traditional court jester, he finally overstepped the mark. The time came when the judge said, like Queen Victoria, "We are not amused." And Imber was banished.

Judge Sulzberger, however, had undertaken to aid him financially. This, considering the lordly way in which the poet threw money about, was rather an appalling undertaking. But the judge was above everything a man of his word. He was also a man of sound sense, and he realized if Imber's poetic writings were to continue, Imber must have money to live on. At first the poet received a monthly allowance, but the allowance was usually spent on one glorious party, and the poet was again living from hand to mouth; he would soon be back at Judge Sulzberger's door,

asking for more. So the judge, taking thought, decided to shift the responsibility he had undertaken, and he selected the most honest man he knew to look out for the poet. He selected Freidus.

Freidus, knowing that whatever amount of money was put into the poet's hands would soon be squandered, limited him to a dollar at a time. But the bookman had too great an appreciation of a man divinely gifted as a poet to offend his sensibilities unnecessarily. There was to be no vulgar haggling over dollar bills. Consequently, Freidus used to place the dollar bill that Imber would need in a certain book. When Imber came into the library he would head for the book, and then, a dollar in his pocket, he would read no more in a book that day; not while it was possible to buy drinks. And a dollar bought a goodly number of drinks in those days. Sometimes when he had consumed his dollar's worth at a convenient bar-room, he would return to use his wit and charm of personality to get another dollar from Freidus. But Freidus simply smiled and smiled and smiled; his moon face tranquil but uncon-

cerned. Imber could move Judge Sulzberger to howling mirth and towering rage, but he could not budge Freidus. He might as well have been talking to the man in the moon.

Judge Sulzberger, true to his calling, was a man of decision. Once his mind had been made up, he was relentless. The case was settled. What was next on the calendar? Imber, careless of the importance of a busy man's time, as he was careless of his own time, had proved himself a consummate nuisance. Therefore Judge Sulzberger attached a condition to the allowance that he gave. If Imber ever tried to see him again the judge decreed that the allowance would be cut off forthwith.

Imber was sometimes called "The King of Schnorrers," after the hero of Israel Zangwill's novel. He has been immortalized in one of them. It was a fitting title, if we take the word *schnorrer* in its early and romantic sense.

The schnorrer is a man who lives on charity. But perhaps I should not say charity. The schnorrers demand justice in large quantities.

Frequently the schnorrer is a writer, scholar,

or singer; blood-brother to the troubadours, minnesingers, or students of the Middle Ages; in Imber's case, a spiritual descendant of Maître François Villon, a born Bohemian.

The schnorrer has a personality to exploit. He exaggerates his own importance, even when his importance is real, as Imber's was. He is ego-centric, and around his ego whirls a world of people who, he thinks, are made to pay him tribute. Frequently he has no claim to distinction except that he is "the son of a great scholar" or possibly "the father of a great scholar," or, at any rate, in some way related to one of the great. So worshipful are we Jews of sound scholarship that the schnorrer finds plenty of people, quite important people too, who listen sympathetically to his claims and yield "justice."

That swaggering bully, Wagshall, who terrorized the children in Beekman Place, based his claim to attention upon the statement that his great-grandfather was a noted scholar. And recently many of us were annoyed by the appearance of an elderly man from Russia whose son,

a man of cultural attainments, had been killed in the war. Therefore, the father decided, the Jews in America owed him, the father, support. The last time I saw him he was complaining that he was not being maintained as liberally as he used to be.

It is needless to say that the Jews as a race are hard workers; their lives are evidence of the fact. But they have ever been respectful of those who cast aside worldly ambition to devote themselves to things that are eternal. The scholar and priest have been the great men among our people. Our heroes have seldom been men of bloodshed and butchery. Intelligence becomes deified. Talents are enthroned.

In the poorest Jewish household, if any individual shows special capacities everyone in the family aids and abets him. I have known families where there was scarcely enough to eat, where they appeared to be bordering upon destitution, and yet they managed somehow to pay ten dollars an hour for a young girl's music lessons. They thought she had unusual talent as a pianist.

We hear a great deal of "self-made men," or at least we used to some years ago. But in every case that I know of personally, back of these "self-made men" was the sacrificing family. Back of the brilliant youth who "worked his way" through college or law school were mother, father, sisters, brothers, uncles, and aunts, all doing their bit to make at least one of their own truly distinguished.

Or suppose the youth were a poet, scientist, or artist. Among no race would it be as easy for him to get assistance as among the Jews. His talent might be of the sort that would never bring him a cent, but if he asked for aid he would likely be taken care of.

The difficulty usually is getting him to ask for money or getting him to accept it. People of real quality are generally a proud lot. Nobody, for instance, could ever do anything to help Freidus. Possibly if he had yielded he would have lost something of his own character; it would have belonged to someone else; he would not have been Freidus.

Imber had his pride, too, but it was pride of the

Bohemian sort that disdained money. Like Cyrano de Bergerac, he would prefer to toss away a bag of gold in one *beau geste* than to eat. So his soul was fed. Bohemians are like that. Very readily they will give you their last dollar, but they seldom have any last dollars to give, so they spend your money instead, liberally.

It is possible sometimes for help to be distinctly harmful. I think of Jacob Epstein, the sculptor. When I first knew him down in the old East Side he lived on the fourth floor of a tenement house in Hester Street; a squalid quarter of a squalid section. As a lad he used to sketch the pushcart types, selling his pictures for bread. What I assume to be one of his earliest drawings is still in my possession.

Epstein was a genius, and when he entered the Fifty-seventh Street art school he won immediate recognition. Here was a man who must be helped! Officials at the school and at the Educational Alliance, which he attended, decided that he should have better living conditions, so they persuaded him to move uptown into comparatively luxurious quarters. They meant well, but

they were wrong. Epstein began to pine away for his old environment. His work deteriorated. He seemed to have lost his skill. After several weeks they had to move him back and replant him in his old soil before he could flourish again. Back in the little room in Hester Street—there *was* magic in the old East Side. The magic is felt in the quality of Epstein's work. But he had to go his own way; to find his own path. The path led to England when the time came for him to move, as the time comes for all Jewish East Siders to move. His genius was recognized and today he enjoys world renown, especially for the Hudson Memorial and the eighteen masterly figures which now decorate the British Medical Association's building in London. He is a great original creative force.

But few are chosen by the Lord for the gifts of an Epstein or an Imber. In most cases where the family hope has been centered upon the development of a genius in the family, all that is developed is—a schnorrer. Instead of being a productive artist, he is simply a peculiar and different person. However, he must have had

some quality to arouse the hopes of his family and friends. And he has. Let us call it personality: "personality plus."

The schnorrer of the earlier day was usually a wanderer. When he arrived in the ghetto of a strange city the people, with life centered narrowly in their own quarter, were eager to hear the voice from the outside world. The schnorrer knew they expected a tale from him and that his welcome would be enhanced if he could tell a story well. He had to play up to them. He had to play up to his personality. Eccentricity was part of his charm. He had to accentuate his peculiarities. He was like a show coming to town. He had to produce entertainment, or his audience would be disappointed.

Naphtali Herz Imber was the schnorrer at his best: brilliant, fascinating, facile, keen, a great actor—a personality. But he was more than that. He was a real poet. George Kohut, then a youthful Mæcenas, financed Imber's Hebrew rendering of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam," contributing a laudatory poem. He owns the original manuscript of the poet's "Hatikvah,"

that stirring national anthem which has so long enthralled Jewish audiences, and which is still sung wherever Zionists gather.

Judge Sulzberger, Freidus, and Imber made a curiously contrasting trio of intellectual Jewish types of thirty years ago; the judge, serving the world and gaining a rich share of its honors; the bookman, scorning the world and gaining his own soul; the poet, courting the world and gaining more than his share of dishonor, but living to-day, after death, in ever increasing glory, because his literary genius expressed the soul of his people.

CHAPTER X: HERE ARE PEOPLE

IN MY childhood in Richmond I saw the life of a rabbi as all sanctity and service of humanity. But then the only rabbi I really knew was my father, who I always thought, and still think, the perfect type of man: a priest serving God and his people in joy and in sorrow. When we went to San Francisco I was to learn that all of these professed servants of God were not of the same caliber. There were a number of synagogues and an intense rivalry among them. Throughout my adolescent years there was worry about congregational affairs. Influential members of the congregation were not much concerned with people's souls; they wanted to see the congregation flourishing. There were militant rabbis in the city, quarreling with each other, questioning the attainments of their colleagues, constantly eager for disputation. Intellectual rivalry on the basis of scholarship can be a splendid thing; a whip

and a goad toward higher attainment. But when personalities enter into the scheme of things, the rivalry often degenerates into pettiness and backbiting.

Among the San Francisco rabbis the one who stood out as the most pleasing personality was the Rev. Elkan Cohen, not a great preacher, but a man of dignity and human quality. People loved him, and the rival rabbis usually yielded to him as a peacemaker. He was the oldest rabbi there.

At best, the life of a rabbi is not a happy one, except as he finds happiness in being able to bring spiritual comfort to others. The demands upon my father's time in these California days were prodigious. Outside of San Francisco itself and across the bay in Oakland there were no synagogues that I knew of. My father used to go out to the other cities to preach and conduct services.

When he was at home we had a steady stream of visitors, who almost overwhelmed us in our small house. In the 'seventies, one's acquaintances did not stop at hotels when they were

visiting a city. If they happened to know anyone, they felt as confident of welcome and bed and board as if they were living in the age of the wandering Jews of Europe. Some rabbis used to visit us for weeks at a time, bringing their families with them. I remember my brother once hurling the visiting rabbi's shoes out of the window every night in hope that he would take the hint and end his visit. But he was not a rabbi who was good at taking hints.

Sometimes there were visits from people of such quality that the whole atmosphere of our lives was enlightened by their presence. This was especially true of the visits of the Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, the brilliantly effective organizer of the Reform movement among the Jews in America, and founder of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the Hebrew Union College, and the Central Conference of American Rabbis. At that time the thing that struck me most forcibly about Dr. Wise was that, when not reading, he always wore his eyeglasses on the top of his forehead. Even when he put on his hat he kept the glasses there, under the hat. Later I realized that

he was a man of force and charm, and that he used both powerfully in his effort to arouse Jewish pride, lost by ages of oppression. He was infuriated then, as he would be to-day, by cringing: a humble attitude without self-respect. He fought ardently for the Americanization of his co-religionists. But by Americanization he did not mean the surrender of Judaism.

From the year in which he arrived, 1846, he recognized clearly what many have still to learn: that the Jews of the world are as various in their characteristics as the nations in which they have been settled for centuries. Outside of the synagogue the French Jew, the English Jew, the Polish Jew, the Spanish Jew, the Hungarian Jew, and now the American Jew are nationally individualistic. The Jew of New York differs from the Jew of Paris, and the difference is precisely that which exists between the two cities.

The Jews are not only affected by their environment but they give their environment its characteristic stamp. The social ostracism of Austria has separated the Jews from the Catholics, but if Jewish influence were removed from

the arts, literature, and theater of Vienna, where would be the far-famed touch of mingled frivolity and sadness of which Vienna is so proud. Can you think of Vienna without its music, its lilting waltzes, its Jewish musicians and composers? Do you recall the tragedy that followed the publication of *A City Without Jews* by a gifted Christian writer whose story pictured Vienna as a lifeless town without Semitic blood? For printing this fairly obvious parable the writer was shot and killed by a fanatic.

In America Rabbi Wise was concerned primarily with the German Jews. He had seen them separated by the political disruption of the Fatherland. The Bavarian had been trained to mock and revile the Hessian; both of them to hate the Saxon, each of them to scorn the Prussian; and all combined to despise the Austrian. The thirty-six different rulers in Germany of the early 'forties had evoked thirty-six different varieties of patriotism, coarsened by rudeness and distrust.

When Rabbi Wise arrived in New York he had much luggage and little money. A countryman

who had a horse and cart at hand offered to take his luggage to Essex Street for six dollars. To Rabbi Wise that seemed too high. An Irish driver offered to take the load for two dollars. Whereupon a dozen German drivers shouted out the familiar Old World denunciations of the Jew.

“Aha!” comments Rabbi Wise in his *Reminiscences*, “you have left home and kindred in order to get away from this disgusting Judeophobia, and here the first German greeting that sounds in your ears is hep! hep! If the Jew continues under German influences he must become a bigot or an atheist, a satellite or a tyrant. In order to gain the proud self-consciousness of a free-born man he must become an American.”

I wonder now a little sadly sometimes if Americanization actually does tend to fill the Jew with the proud self-consciousness that was in Rabbi Wise’s vision. The champion of Reform did not live to see the modern American expression of prejudice in the form of discrimination.

Rabbi Wise seemed to have had a genius for creating enmity. Both Orthodox Jews and Orthodox Christians attacked him viciously. I myself

thought of him as a raging lion before I knew him to be a sweet old gentleman who *would* wear his eyeglasses perched on the top of his head. He and my father disagreed pointedly on the Reform program. It was clearly understood in our household that the time for suggesting a change in the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday and for abolishing the dietary laws was, to put it mildly, not ripe. But, as man to man, my father got along famously with Dr. Wise, who, by the way, objected to being called "Doctor," although everybody gave him the title. But he pointed out that he had no academic degree; nor was he more acquiescent when addressed "reverend"; he thought that the *chazan* alone was the real "reverend," and he was not a cantor. Dr. Wise, in our home, became the mildest mannered man who ever set all Judaism into a fury.

The early American rabbis were a different type as a rule from the rabbis of to-day. Most of them were foreigners who had come from European seminaries, with backgrounds of European culture. They had the defects of their qualities.

Throughout the history of Judaism the rabbi has been more than a minister of souls. He has been the judge, the ruler of his people. The word means "chief," and to the chief men would come for settlement of their problems. His power was great. He not only interpreted the law, but his interpretation was accepted. The European rabbi frequently resented the growing independence of his congregation in America. He was like a father who had always been accustomed to obedience from his children and who suddenly found that they were asserting themselves. At first he was faintly surprised; then angry. He lacked the flexibility that would accommodate itself to new conditions.

The Dutch, German, and Polish Jews of the 'fifties, scattered in distant districts, were, as a practical matter, unable to adhere strictly to orthodox rules. Isaac Leeser was the first rabbi of distinction to attempt a compromise. Recognized as the leader of Judaism in Philadelphia, his influence spread throughout the land because of his writings. He was the first to adapt the King James version of the Bible to Jewish use,

and he recognized the wisdom of eliminating many ritualistic accretions that had grown up in the Middle Ages. Samuel M. Isaacs did similarly effective work for the Jews in New York.

The tentative reforms that these leaders proposed were nothing to the shocking heresies of Rabbi Wise. On his first meeting with Rabbi Isaacs, Rabbi Wise was soundly lectured because of his speeches about reform and progress. Fortunately, he had found a sympathetic supporter in the person of Rabbi Max Lilienthal, and side by side they fought the battle to adapt Judaism to American conditions. Dr. Lilienthal sometimes accompanied Rabbi Wise on his visits to our San Francisco home.

It was inevitable that my son, George, should have turned to the rabbinate. When only eighteen years old he was first called upon to preach in the Fifty-fifth Street Synagogue, due to my husband's illness. It was April before the Pass-over holidays, and his subject was "Spring." The speech was carefully memorized and rehearsed, and then, on the Sabbath, came a terrific April snowstorm. Spring had turned to winter,

but it was too late to change the sermon on that account, so he had to welcome the new promise of the budding world while the snowstorm raged.

Two years later he was invited for a trial sermon to New Haven. It was to New Haven that my own father had received a call at the same time that he was invited to go to San Francisco. But the family was not destined for the New Haven rabbinate. The congregation decided George was too young. When his opportunity came to go to Dallas, Texas, he accepted it, and his service there was the foundation of his brief rabbinical career.

A young rabbi who had a warm place in the hearts of the Kohuts was Leon Harrison, who lived across the way from us in Beekman Place. It was he who taught my husband to speak English, and he later fulfilled his early promise by becoming one of the most brilliant of American preachers.

H. Pereira Mendes and Frederick de Sola Mendes, sons of Abraham P. Mendes, were two of the rabbis among the visitors to Beekman Place who made a lasting impression on me.

They were originally Portuguese Jews and had been educated in England and Germany. I was fascinated to hear H. Pereira Mendes outline his dream of a Jewish nation restored to the land of Palestine. It then seemed beautiful but improbable. But when we are young and pessimistic every dream seems too difficult of realization. When we are old we know that all dreams can be realized, if only we have the youth and energy to realize them.

H. Pereira Mendes was among the first self-declared Zionists of my own day, as far as I know. Forty years ago he wrote a book on Palestine as the hope of Isarel. When I last saw him he was leaving New York en route to the Zionist colony. Over seventy, he was happy as a boy and full of high hopes for years of activity to come in the Promised Land.

As my memory turns back to Beekman Place, flashes of widely varied personalities come to my mind. At the moment, I see most clearly John, the night watchman, on his rounds. I hear the steady tread of his footsteps as he paces the street throughout the night. How often those

comforting footsteps used to reassure me when nerves brought on nightmare worries of burglars and fire. I see John looking like a wise old owl, chuckling inside of himself at his well-worn pleasantry, "Lovely day this evening." To which George's reply was, "Good-night to-day." John swept the walk and shook up the furnace before going home in the morning; when we were away he watered the flowers and guarded the house; in the spring he dug up the earth for seeding the garden, and in the winter he shoveled snow. It was John who shoveled us out of the blizzard of 1888 and made a path to our door.

Sitting on our front stoop, of summer evenings, I see Henry Harland, son of our Beekman Place neighbor, Justice Harland, exchanging gossip and gathering material for his books on American-Jewish life, *The Yoke of the Torah* and *As It Was Written*, which he wrote under the pen name of Sidney Luska, before he changed his style to delicate light comedy and fashioned the popular successes, *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*, *My Friend Prospero* and *The Lady Paramount*.

I associate Rabbi Adolph M. Radin, the first

Jewish chaplain at Elmira, primarily with our evenings in the Beekman Place garden. He was a great scholar who startled by sheer brilliancy and held you by sound thought. On several occasions he brought to us his boyhood friend and fellow townsman, Hirsch Bernstein, who was a pioneer of Russian-Jewish activities in America. In 1870 Bernstein founded the first Yiddish and the first Hebrew paper in America. He was ahead of his time. The great waves of immigration that were to make periodicals of this type successful had not yet begun to arrive. But Bernstein was essentially a pioneering spirit. He founded the first Jewish theater in New York and was one of the first bankers who catered to immigrants. His younger brother, David, was the father of Herman Bernstein, the editor, playwright, and publicist.

One day Judge Samuel Greenbaum and Dr. Henry M. Leipziger came to the house bearing a large package, a joint gift to Dr. Kohut—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Due to the thicker paper, it was a weightier volume in those days than now, and Dr. Kohut, after he had ex-

pressed his first delight, looked at it in dismay. "Do I have to learn all those words?" he asked. The guests solemnly assured him that such was his duty as an American. "Thank you very much," he said. "Rebekah, where's my hat? I'm going back to Europe."

But Judge Greenbaum and Dr. Leipziger were seriously helpful to my husband with his English, correcting his earliest American sermons and giving him exact pronunciations of difficult words.

These two, with Daniel P. Hays, another visitor at Beekman Place, were members of an interesting group called The Celibates, all pledged to a single life, and all of whom, with the exception of Dr. Leipziger, broke their vows and got married. I recall Philip Cowen, the Asher Meyers of America, acting as host to this group. He was often at our home and we attended many receptions at his. He acted as a sort of social clearing house for the stranger within our gates.

Adolph Benjamin ("Ish-Yemini"), our weekly Sabbath guest, felt very keenly the concerted effort of the Protestant Church to convert the

East Siders, and he became a militant anti-missionary zealot, flooding the Jewish and secular press with his diatribes and protesting in person if his written complaints were not heeded. We called him essentially a protestant, but a zealot has no patience with levity. He had the greatness of terrible earnestness about him, and I have no doubt that he made many Protestants see the error of their ways.

Benjamin F. Peixotto, United States Minister to Roumania, whose niece, Dr. Jessica Peixotto, professor of psychology in the University of California, was my schoolmate in San Francisco, was another frequent visitor to Beekman Place. He was a distinguished member of one of the old Sephardic families.

There came also those heavenly twins, Silberstein and Rodkinson, one calling himself the modern Spinoza, the other subsisting chiefly on literary blackmail. Their Talmudic and philosophic discussions in our little garden tea house lasted well into the night. I was much interested at first, but as I realized the futility of trying to get a word in edgewise while the scholars were

talking, I used to excuse myself and go to chat with neighbors on the front stoop. Bettelheims must talk!

From time to time we would see the Reverend Dr. David Philipson, secretary of the Pittsburgh Conference, who translated Isaac M. Wise's *Reminiscences*. He had been present at my marriage in Baltimore, although I did not know it at the time. It was he who brought us the message telling of my father's death at sea.

Clara Lipman and her sister, both brilliant and charming, were occasionally at the house. Their father had failed in the panic of 1893, and Clara came to New York to make a career for herself as an actress. Through the vice president of the Women's Health Protective Association, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, wife of the theatrical manager, she finally reached the stage where she acquired stellar honors. She wrote plays and married Louis Mann.

As I look back over my life I see a multitude of people and a variety of places. A face will come back to me in a flash or I will think of something that stirs a host of memories, Roses bring to me

a breath of Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, where we found a modest cottage the year after my husband's death. Our garden was a mass of roses: American beauties, Bourbons, China roses, musk, gorgeous cabbage roses, damask, creepers. With the roses and the salt tang of the sea, this cottage had a fragrant beauty that I have never sensed elsewhere. Although it was a small place, it had a big porch, and I am partial to big porches for summer cottages. I cannot reconcile myself to stepping from house to lawn, as seems to be the modern fashion. I long for the wide, open-porched spaces, where rocking chairs are rocking chairs.

Among our neighbors at the Highlands were the families of Oscar and Nathan Straus. Already the names of the three Straus brothers were known on two continents. Oscar Straus was well advanced in his brilliant diplomatic and political career. He and my son George found much in common interest through their active participation in the American Jewish Historical Society. George became the tutor of his children. At that time Mr. Straus had just written a book on

Roger Williams, the pioneer of religious liberty and tolerance. We then thought that it was inevitable that the spirit of Roger Williams would prevail in the United States. In spite of disillusioning observation, I am still convinced that it will prevail, but only if there are enough of us to remember that the battle fought by Roger Williams must be fought again with each generation. Oscar Straus was a valiant champion in the cause.

On several occasions Isidor Straus also appeared at Atlantic Highlands with that glorious helpmate of his who, scorning separation that meant life without him, died with him on the *Titanic*, upon her maiden voyage to America.

One of our guests at the Highlands was Mary Antin, author of *The Promised Land*. At that time all America was stirred by the letters of this young immigrant girl in Boston. She was a protégé of Mrs. Jacob Hecht of Boston, so tenderly called "Aunt Lina" by everyone, always giving of her bounty and of herself. Because of the simplicity and emotional power of her story, the immigrant girl attracted the attention of literary

people everywhere. Through Mrs. Hecht and our family friend, Philip Cowen, editor of *The American Hebrew*, Mary Antin was invited to spend a few weeks with the Kohut boys and girls.

Over and over again Mary Antin has been cited as an example of what the United States might gain from the immigrant and of how much the immigrant might gain from our country. About twenty years later she and I spoke from the same platform in the Hughes campaign of 1916.

Of all the men I met in politics I had, perhaps, the greatest admiration for John Purroy Mitchel. I first met him in 1914 at City Hall in a conference on unemployment. Quick, alert, charming, in a moment he had organized his committee. This group functioned until the war, when we were again pressed into service as the Mayor's Council of Defense, part of the National Council.

Mr. Mitchel seemed to me the most intelligent and constructive-minded of the mayors of New York, but the last part of his administration was bedeviled by emotionalized political maneuver-

ing in which reason was lost and Hyland was elected. I grieved with Mr. Mitchel as he passed through the unfortunate political crisis of his life, and his shocking death filled me with a personal sorrow. The day of his burial, when services were held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, found me weeping as for a lost son.

The World War brought me friendships with many distinguished women: Elisabeth Marbury (I spelled her name Elizabeth when I published my autobiography, but I have been informed since that to spell Elizabeth with a "z" instead of an "s" is to affront Miss Marbury as much as it is to offend me if you spell my name Rebecca instead of Rebekah); also Mary Van Kleeck, Dorothy Whitney Straight, Virginia Gildersleeve, Frances Cleveland Preston, and Katrina Ely Tiffany. We worked for the Council of Defense, speaking from platforms, appealing for funds for war relief.

My interest in city politics had been first urgently aroused through the candidacy of Seth Low for mayor. It was a fight for good government, but my ardor was given a personal warmth

through the memory of Seth Low's interest in my husband's career. I went out and campaigned in the streets, addressing corner meetings. Grace Dodge and Josephine Shaw Lowell used to address the same gatherings. We invaded the Tammany strongholds on the East Side.

What a host of interesting characters the old East Side held! I always think first of David Blaustein, head of the Educational Alliance, steering the immigrant through difficulties and bringing him safely into the harbor of Americanism. Blaustein was the ideal combination of the best in the immigrant and the best in the American: a potent force for good.

There was Hirsch Masliansky, the principal Yiddish-speaking rabbi, who, Blaustein felt, could reach the needs of the young generation and bridge the gap between parent and child. Masliansky was a great emotional force. Parents and children wept together when he addressed them. And, of course, I wept too.

Then there were Joseph Barondess, Eliakim Zunser, A. H. Fromenson, Norman Hapgood, and Lillian Wald. I remember Lillian Wald re-

sented my telling her she was not a person but an institution. She did not like institutions; she liked persons; she preferred people. In the early days of the Henry Street Settlement she visited some of our applicants for nurses' aid. For five days on a recent trip back from Europe abroad the *Olympic*, we met daily, really to get acquainted through the bond of the old East Side.

Back in Denman School, San Francisco, I see a distinguished visitor, General Boulanger, romantically handsome, saying it was distressing to see so many pretty girls hard at work in school. For his own part, he said, "I would like to put a hole in the top of my head and have someone pour some brains in it." Ferdinand de Lesseps, the great engineer of the Panama Canal, also addressed us.

In Mt. Sinai Hospital, ill myself, I see Anzia Yezierska, author of *Hungry Hearts*, throwing dishes at a nurse—a sign, I believe, of artistic temperament, also of convalescence.

Edna Ferber comes back to me at the Bristol Hotel in Vienna, talking about the tapestries in Bellevue Castle, and in the next breath discuss-

ing bargains. Edna Ferber, all essential goodness, all devotion to her mother.

Fannie Hurst, a gleaming, glamorous person, refusing to permit herself to be worried about anything, permitting nothing to interfere with her work, getting to her desk at seven in the morning.

Whenever I think of the late Julius Kahn, California Congressman, it is not as Republican leader of the House of Representatives that I see him, but as a small boy handing out cakes over the counter of his father's bakery in San Francisco.

I have a vision of Mrs. Solomon Loeb, the mother of Mrs. Schiff, of Professor Morris Loeb, and of James Loeb, founder of the Classical Library, looking like Queen Victoria, and doing much for music in New York.

Sir William Osler taking charge of my brother, whom he called "my colleague," and stating that Felix "was too young and beautiful to die."

Mary Dreier climbing the hill at Albany to carry to the legislators her fight for better working conditions for shopgirls.

Professor Albert Tobias Clay, Yale Orientalist, seeing *Ramona* in the movies and shouting: "Aha! I knew the villain would come out and spoil the whole thing."

Then Jacob Billikopf. One day during the war a meeting at luncheon in the Commodore was addressed by a young man of whom few had ever heard. He was just back from the war zone and he told us about the needs of the boys overseas. His soft, beautiful voice, his sincere emotion, gripped us. Here we recognized we were in contact with an exceptional personality. I learned that he was an immigrant boy who had made himself loved and honored in the West as a Jewish social worker. To-day he is a consultant in welfare work all over the United States. I felt that there was something that created a special bond of sympathy between Jacob Billikopf and me. I found later that he had come in childhood, as I had, not to New York but to Richmond. No wonder he has attained great prestige. Virginia has always been the mother of noted men.

CHAPTER XI: AFTER THE WAR

THE tumult and the shouting had died away and I thought the war was over. But only the roar of the cannon had ceased. Millions of men were still in uniform. War-time regulations were still in force. Wartime hatreds were still at fever heat. War-time poverty, desolation, and demoralization were abroad in the land. Daily the hospitals in Europe reported new war dead.

I had gone abroad as chairman of the Reconstruction Committee of the National Council of Jewish Women to make a tour of investigation and to report on a rehabilitation program. It was April, 1919. The first elation of peace had long since passed. The spiritual havoc of the aftermath was making itself felt more and more abundantly.

American war workers crowded into the Y. W. C. A. hostel in the Rue Caumartin in Paris. Many of them were weary. They had seen a great deal of service and their enthusiasm for welfare

activities had diminished steadily since the Armistice. Their hopes had been blunted, their aspirations nullified. But, steadily coming over from America, were new recruits; women who had had a thoroughly good time out of the war, what with "drives" and entertainments and a round of excitement such as life had never before afforded them; women who were disappointed that it all had ended so quickly and openly voiced their regrets that the poor soldiers had been deprived of the pleasure of fighting every inch of the ground to Berlin and of hanging the Kaiser personally. Fine, cheerful, vigorous, blood-thirsty women.

One of them sat at table in the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria. She had just arrived, enormously thrilled by the prospect of carrying benevolence to the lowly Europeans. Opposite her was a sad, white-faced, worn-out nurse: a veteran.

"Oh, I feel so splendid, so *noble*, with my opportunity of service here," said the newcomer. She exuded vitality; that terrible vitality that ignores the weariness of others.

The nurse looked at her out of tired eyes.

"One gets less noble after a while," she said dryly.

And one did. It was hard to keep to any war-like plane of exaltation in an atmosphere where the maddest gayety was interrupted by a sigh. Paris, ever buoyant, ever beautiful, was like a prima donna, suffering from a mortal disease, gallantly playing hostess to a world of visitors, and laughing painfully to conceal her pain. Hotels were crowded, beds were at a premium. There was no butter and little milk. Postage stamps were being used for currency, while pre-war silver went into the family stockings of the thrifty. American soldiers were everywhere, many conspicuously intent upon drinking their fill; achieving their purpose publicly, without realizing the extent of their achievement. In camps throughout France the cry was, "Wanner go ho-o-ome!"

Many had gone home already, to the home from which there is no return. I visited their graves. The process of identification was just seriously beginning, but one could readily note where the Star of David stood at the grave of a

Jewish soldier, next to those of Protestant and Catholic soldiers. All had been brothers in arms. There had been no discrimination in selecting them to fight, except to see that they were fit. The memory of those cemeteries brings back to me that striking story of the rabbi-chaplain holding a cross to the dying Christian soldier, death transcending all mortal differences. If we could only learn to be so impartial in life!

The great numbers of unknown soldiers lying in their graves recalled to me childhood scenes in Richmond, on our Memorial Day Pilgrimages to the cemetery to decorate the graves of the Confederate soldiers. We always decorated the graves of the unknown soldiers there. Each had a little headstone marked with a number or a letter.

I had sought throughout the war to try to escape the contagion of the simmering hates that afflict nations in arms, but a great bitterness arose in me as I traveled through the old war zone in France. Gazing at the beautiful orchards laid waste, I thought of the exquisiteness of human degradation. Hate I could not control welled up within me. Later, amid the graves of

the soldier-dead in Germany, I forgot all animosity in the contemplation of heartbreaking grief. The whole nation was plunged in mourning. It seemed as if the railroads had made new tracks and taken new routes by which travelers could look out all the way upon soldiers' graves.

Before leaving Paris, I paid my devotional visit to the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, where I have always found tranquility as I walked through the quiet avenues of this city of tombs. I pause there especially for communion with the spirits of Heine, whose poetry has meant much to me, of Chopin, whose sweetly-sad music has comforted me, of Bernhardt, whose glowing personality flames in my memory, of Balzac, whose novels have been close to my heart.

From Paris I went on to Antwerp, where American troops were embarking. I was as glad to see them on their way as they were to go. They were singing "Homeward Bound," and it did have a wonderful sound.

War is demoralizing for the fighting man. I am not the only one who cannot think of a single individual who was improved by the experience.

But the post-war experience of men thousands of miles from home is worse, spiritually. The efforts of General Pershing to keep his troops occupied were intelligent and well executed. The divisional drills, the schools for students, the Y. M. C. A. entertainments, all helped. But everything that could be done was a palliative, because once the Armistice was signed our troops became sick with one of the most real of human maladies, homesickness. They were without serious occupation for the most part, and nothing is worse for anyone's morale. They were uncertain of their future. Would they get their jobs back when they arrived home, or were their places to be filled permanently by those who had been wise enough or fortunate enough to have escaped fighting? They were restless, and frequently scornful of the high ideals that had inspired them in 1917. They had heard that America was sick of its heroes; it was tired of home-coming soldiers. Going back meant another war: a war in which they would have to do their own thinking, a war for which war had unfitted them. They had to go back and fight for a living.

From Antwerp I went to The Hague. What a contrast, I thought at first, to all I had left behind! Here, plainly evident, were the fruits of peace. Here was the victory of neutrality. The streets were not filled with men crippled so that it was pain to look at them. The women were not in mourning. There was good food and plenty of it; the richest of cream, the whitest of bread. The kindly, healthy, stolid Hollanders had stayed out and won the war that the victors lost.

But even here, in the midst of comparative luxury and the appearance of happiness, I found that war misery had penetrated. One of my co-religionists took me to visit Jewish homes, and in every home there were refugees from Germany and Austria; Jewish children who were being taken care of and fed back to a fair state of normal strength. At that very moment, I was told, the chief rabbi of Austria, Dr. Chajes, was coming with a second trainload of Jewish children. The plan for these shipments of suffering youngsters from starving Vienna to well-fed Holland was Annita Muller's, but Dr. Chajes had helped her and had seen her plans carried out.

When I arrived in Vienna a week or two later everyone said to me, "You know Rabbi Chajes has not only saved the children of Austria from death but he has saved us, each of us individually and all of us as a group. It is he who has given us courage and strength and has pleaded for us everywhere. It is he who has kept our schools alive. Through his cheer and his aid we have found reason for living."

I did not meet Dr. Chajes at once. I was busy gathering data for our relief work. But even in the midst of business and distress there was the alleviation of music. To Estelle Frankfurter, who traveled with me, and myself, it seemed almost sacrilegious to have so much energy devoted to music when the demand for relief of misery was so insistent. It was like fiddling when Rome was burning. But we soon realized that music was itself a relief from tension; as necessary to the Viennese as bread. Throughout the war the stricken populace had survived on music.

At the Bristol Hotel, one morning, while coming downstairs, I heard voices raised in ugly argument. The porter and the lift man were ap-

parently ready to come to blows. It appeared that they had been to the opera the night before. The porter insisted that the first violin had been off the key. The lift man insisted it was the cellist's fault. I asked the porter whether the acting had been good, and he said he did not know and did not care. He could not afford a seat with a full view of the stage and his interest was in the orchestra, not in the singers. He went to the same opera over and over again, taking the score with him and following every note. A false note was torture to him. Not being as musical as the Viennese saves me something.

When I finally met Dr. Chajes it was by accident. Annita Muller had taken me to visit the *kinderheim* she had organized, and she was leading me across the garden when I saw a man being literally mobbed by children. He was sticking out his elbows to protect himself, and his thick cane was being held as if it were a shield. About thirty youngsters, shrieking with laughter, were playing around him. In a deep voice he would utter joking reproaches that sent them into fresh shouts of hilarity. If the children's stomachs

were being neglected in Vienna, this man was feeding their spirits with the best of tonics—play.

And so I was introduced to Dr. Chajes, the chief rabbi, the great scholar and teacher, inspired humanitarian, the tireless shepherd of his flock. I was seeking my people, and in finding him I found them all; their needs, their problems. From that day until his death, seven years later, I was conscious of having his friendship. In December of each year we would plan when and where we would meet, and each summer we spent from two to five weeks together, enjoying that confident understanding that makes friendship a divine gift. People tell me it is a boon granted only to the young. As we get on in years, they say, we are too self-centered, too self-interested, too wary, to make new friends. We lose the power to reveal ourselves. But the gift came to us. We were children again, repeating the same Jewish jokes, laughing at each other's idiosyncrasies, laughing at nothing, and then becoming immoderately serious. Our talks took place mostly on long walks in the woods, especially at Marienbad,

where we met most often; a place he dearly loved and which I shall always associate with him.

We worked together in 1923, when I returned to Vienna to preside over the World Congress of Jewish Women, held in the former palace of the Kaiser, Franz Joseph. What a world of thought and emotion surged through me when I realized that we Jews, so recently a merely tolerated race, were, as a result of the topsy-turvy war upheavals, holding our meetings in one of the drawing rooms of a Hapsburg palace!

There I met Frau Marianne Heinisch, the eighty-four-year-old pioneer in the woman suffrage cause, and her son, the President of the Austrian Republic. Frau Heinisch, a wonderful little woman, was heart and soul with us, and her glorious son, six feet tall, blue-eyed, ruddy-faced and white-bearded, looked with love and admiration upon her. When the speeches were over he said, like a proud boy, "Did ever a man have so wonderful a mother!" The day after we met Frau Marianne sent me three or four sprays of lilacs from her garden with a note saying that

they were the last on the last bush in bloom. "Could she think of a sweeter way?"

Invaluable help in organizing Jewish charities in Europe was given by Dr. Chajes. The history of the American Joint Distribution Committee will, I think, go down the ages as one of the greatest examples of human sympathy and love that the world has known. It is a heart-warming experience in traveling in Europe to hear people say: "You are an American; if it were not for your people's aid, we would not be alive now." And that they would not be alive is literally true.

After he had done what he could for the sufferers of post-war Austria, Dr. Chajes came to America as visiting professor at the Jewish Institute of Religion, founded by that great leader, Dr. Stephen S. Wise. He would always breakfast with us, and frequently he spent the whole day in our New York apartment. Apparently he had no wishes, no needs; he seemed to get physical as well as spiritual strength from some hidden source. At home in Vienna, his physical needs were satisfied by a simple iron bed, a frugal meal, a lamp and some books. But he accepted with

glee almost any trifle. The last time I saw him he was still cherishing a fountain pen we had given him in 1920; pleased as a child. All the great men I have known have had this same capacity for childlike enjoyment of little things; always an endearing quality.

One day in New York he shyly hinted that he would like to go to a motion-picture show. He never went in Vienna, partly because it would not befit his dignity as chief rabbi, but mostly because he believed that every moment of his time ought to be used in behalf of his office. Once he had started as a cinema patron in New York he became a regular. Not a "fan," because the true "fan" knows the names of all the actors and all about the pictures. Rabbi Chajes was less sophisticated. Like a real boy, anything was entertainment to him as long as it was a "movie." Yet he was a man great in mind: he had the greatness of unaffected simplicity. He suffered much, though he never complained, nor did he ever murmur against those who wronged him. One could not but realize that he was a giant among the pygmies with whom he was compelled to

work and from whose injustice and narrowness he had to suffer.

Only a few weeks before he died, he said to me, "I want to go to Palestine. I am not married. I have no personal responsibilities. It will mean no sacrifice for anyone if I go, and I believe that I am worthy of being at the head of an institution of learning. I only want to be given a chance."

Think of this great scholar, an intellect of the first order, a saint in the best sense of the word, begging to be given a chance to prove himself worthy. He was doomed to disappointment, and Zionism was the loser. Let those who were the judges over him bear the burden of reproach.

The death of Dr. Chajes left a vacancy in my life that nothing can fill; a void akin to that caused by the deaths of my father and of my husband. Part of me died in the death of each of them, and yet I feel that something of each of them lives in me. It may be self-delusion, but leave me the comfort of the thought. At least I have the memory of their companionship.

CHAPTER XII: IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE Bettelheims, I have so often been told, are a family of matriarchs. In fact my father had a sister who was a young Mussolini, relentlessly dictating careers for each member of her family, deciding all matters of sentimental as well as of business nature, regulating lives with such insistence that none dared oppose her—that is, to her face. She was a vigorous, intelligent, forthright woman, but somehow the members of the family secretly believed in the inherent right of individuals to misgovern themselves, and they failed to realize the splendid dreams that she had for them. But they realized themselves. When I finally met them, none seemed to bear the stamp of her handiwork. They were all delightful, happy people, not too ambitious, and no doubt my aunt looked upon them as failures. True enough, there were no geniuses among them, but they were well educated, stood high in the pro-

fessions, most of them being doctors, and lived well-rounded, normal lives.

My father's grandmother, Eva Bettelheim, who was noted for her intellectual attainments and wide culture in the last days of the Eighteenth Century, when women in Hungary, particularly Jewish women, were discouraged from intellectual activity, also comes down in the family annals as having matriarchal tendencies.

Even I myself have faced the soft impeachment.

As I related in my autobiography, *My Portion*, I became in my early twenties wife to a widower and mother to his eight children. It would be difficult not to become an early matriarch under such conditions.

The tendency of the Bettelheim women toward grasping the reins of authority had long been a joke in the household when one fine day we discovered that we had been portrayed to all the world as its official matriarchal type. The portrait was painted by G. B. Stern, in her fascinating novel, *The Matriarch*. For the Rakonitz women in Mrs. Stern's book, substitute the

Bettelheim women, and you have one phase of our family history.

It was with amazement that I learned Mrs. Stern had even gone to the trouble of working out a Rakonitz genealogical tree, after the fashion of Galsworthy in *The Forsyte Saga*, and in it many of the real Bettelheims figure prominently as the fictitious Rakonitzes, and many surnames are identical. Once I had recognized the connection, I was only surprised to find that the name of Eva Bettelheim, so often quoted by her descendants, was omitted.

I thought at first that Mrs. Stern herself possibly stemmed from one of the Bettelheims, but more probably she had talked at length to some member of my garrulous family, for, indeed, like the Rakonitzes, we are all great talkers. I have had some correspondence with Mrs. Stern on the subject, and she recognizes the connection. The Rakonitzes are real people, creatively developed by a fine literary artist.

If I betrayed matriarchal tendencies of my own it was through force of circumstances rather than deliberate choice. When I married Dr.

Kohut he was in the midst of writing the *Aruch*. At the time round him whirled the storm of the battle that was to determine in a large measure the course that Judaism was to take in America. To have expected him to attend to the immediate demands of those about him would have been as unfair as to expect a general leading an army to return from the front to take charge of his household. When a man is doing such important work it is his wife's job to become commander-in-chief of the home forces, in order that she may protect her husband and save him in every way from needless worries. She cannot keep bothering him to make decisions; she has to learn to decide herself; she has to learn to rule. Dr. Kohut did not belong to his family alone; he belonged to the Jewish race. His energies had to be conserved. The result was that in the Kohut family I served both as father and mother. A matriarch, perhaps. What else could one be in such a situation? I am woman enough to have wished frequently that I might have shifted the responsibility. It could have been done, I suppose. But Dr. Kohut had only twenty-four hours

a day on which to live, and every twenty-four hours was filled by a rigorous schedule of engagements that included writing far into the night. The eight children, realizing his absorption in important work, did everything possible to help me free him from family bothers. I feel proud that, in the seven years before Dr. Kohut died, it was I who served Jacob and not Jacob who served me.

Most men either mother the women-folk or are mothered by them. I have often felt sad in retrospect at the great burden which fell upon my father after mother's death, when he found he had to serve as the maternal as well as the paternal head of the family. Those who knew him, especially those who knew him in the setting of our home, marveled at the sagacious way in which he managed us boys and girls.

When he was left a widower he had to make a choice then and there, whether to realize his own scholarly ambitions, or to sacrifice them for the immediate demands of family life. He did not hesitate about making the sacrifice. Not only for his own family, but for the Jewish communities

of which he was rabbi, and for the American communities in which he lived, did he yield his own precious time and inclination. He served his own day and generation, and had the reward of being loved and understood by many people. Dr. Kohut served generations to come. The love and devotion that he received were concentrated in the family.

Like my father, I am always intent upon the immediate thing; the job right under my nose. In retrospect, it has puzzled me how I have come to undertake certain things; how I have allowed myself to become so completely carried away. I haven't the scholar's patience that can plan far into the future. I have to try to get results quickly. The more quickly something is achieved the more I am likely to value it.

My yearning for speed recalls the story of the rabbi who was in the habit of delivering long, tiresome sermons at wedding ceremonies. His fee for the service was fixed at five dollars. A bridegroom, nervous at the prospect of listening to an hour's talk, proposed that the rabbi shorten his talk to about five minutes. But the rabbi ob-

jected. If he were going to shorten his talk, there would be an additional fee. If he talked for only three-quarters of an hour, he said that the charge would be ten dollars; for half an hour, twenty dollars; for twenty minutes, forty dollars; for ten minutes, sixty dollars; for five minutes, eighty dollars, and anything less, a hundred.

I sometimes wonder, as I listen to dreary sermons, whether it might not pay me, my time having a certain value, to bribe some rabbis to silence. Even a hundred dollars would be cheap if a preacher could be bought off from delivering certain sermons I have heard. The boredom of listening, the wear and tear upon one's energies, the strain upon faith, are all penalties we have to pay for stupid preaching. The price is too high. In Europe the rabbi preaches only when the spirit moves him. And the spirit moves him only when he has something to say. Consequently there is great excitement in the congregation when it is known that he is going to preach.

Preaching to order is not fair to the rabbi, and it certainly is not fair to the congregation. The rabbi may be a good rabbi and a bad talker.

And it frequently happens that the rabbi who is most popular in the pulpit is least successful in his other duties.

I have listened to great orators in my day. Possibly the greatest was Henry Ward Beecher, whom I heard in my girlhood when he spoke at the Grand Opera House in San Francisco. High prices were paid then for tickets of admission. And Henry Ward Beecher's passionate eloquence was worth the price. He had the divine fire, a compelling power, a tremendous personality. Lesser men have been able to sweep audiences into great waves of emotion, but they are not remembered through the years as Beecher is. DeWitt Talmage was one of these lesser men; one who left me, personally, cold. The hotter the hell he delighted in picturing, the more frigid I became. As he pitched into brimstone and fire I became slightly ill at the spectacle of a preacher getting diabolical sadistic pleasure out of sizzling horror. He was the John Roach Straton of his day.

Public speaking is enjoyable, at least to the practiced orator. I have heard many persons of

note complain about having too many speaking engagements, but I have known few to excuse themselves unless they were really ill. The sense that one is swaying multitudes gives a real thrill. And therein lies the danger. Many of our prominent men have achieved preëminence on nothing more than a good voice; a voice that could fill a hall with the sacred words, "Liberty," "Justice," and "Democracy."

W. H. Hudson in one of his books speaks of a man who was famous because he killed an ox with his voice. He bellowed suddenly and the poor animal dropped with fright and expired. When I read that account my first thought was of politics, and I saw the owner of that voice at a national convention, shaking the roof and most of the delegates with his reverberating address. The feat of the man who killed the ox was being duplicated. William Jennings Bryan's voice was killing the Democratic donkey.

But mere power of voice, which counted so much in political meetings in past decades, means little now. Amplifiers and the radio bring every word to our ears. But I am yet to be con-

vinced that one ought to be grateful to science on that account.

When I think of oratory I see words launched into the air. They can be cold, gray, indifferent; then again, warm, colorful, glowing. I have been most moved, perhaps, by the words spoken by women orators in the cause of suffrage, because my heart was so wedded to the cause. I envied the power to move audiences that had been given to Frances Willard, Carrie Chapman Catt, Anna Howard Shaw, and Susan B. Anthony. And I always think tenderly of the appealing voice of that lovely young woman, Inez Milholland, as she campaigned for suffrage, to which she yielded her life, a victim of overwork.

I myself was born into the atmosphere of public speaking, and my marriage kept me in it. A clergyman's home is like the anteroom just off the public platform, where he clears his throat and pulls down his waistcoat before he faces his audience.

Early in life I was familiar with the public speaker's entire cycle: first the blank white paper which represented the congregation, seated

and waiting in the pews; the black inkmarks (my father's writing was beautiful) which were later to trace a design upon the intelligence and conscience of his auditors; then the nervous and fretful period, a period sometimes of acute anguish, before the words, forged at the study table, were to be sent on their final mission.

How we children, seated in the congregation, were thrilled when we saw that the sermon was gripping its auditors. We used to turn in our seats to watch the reaction of people. No one nodding. No one yawning. My father's voice was powerful enough to keep Morpheus out; his words were stimulating enough to keep intelligence awake and active.

The service over, and the family seated at table, the rabbi would receive impressions of how his sermon sounded. We younger children had to wait a few years before our opinions were solicited, but there was always more than one of us sitting in judgment, boldly critical, though ever respectful. My father was held to a high level of achievement by keen criticism. One of the healthiest phases of our family life was that

there were no stuffed idols. My father did not command respect and obedience by remaining aloof and practicing severity. He held our love and worship while sharing intimately in our life, joining in our games, as well as in our studies, learning from us as well as teaching us.

Reared in such an atmosphere, there was little wonder that I should have tried to emulate my father's example. I sought to absorb his pulpit style. I could remember some of his sermons almost word for word, and once, finding myself alone in the synagogue, I imagined myself in his place, and delivered a sermon to empty seats, using my father's gestures.

Out of all the conglomeration of things that one learns in school I think nothing lasts longer in our memories than the "pieces" that we are called upon to recite. Even to-day, from Denman School days, long passages from "The Deserted Village," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "We Are Seven" and Gray's "Elegy" come back to me. I still recall "The Burial of Moses" and many of the Psalms.

My first public oration was in front of forty

girls in my class in Denman School, when I recited "Pictures of Memory." Then my fate was sealed. I was the little girl who was called upon to recite on all occasions. Probably I have never felt so important as when I was salutatorian of the high-school graduating class and spoke at the Grand Opera House. My father had trained me, hearing me over and over again in advance. He sat directly in front of me on the great night, his earnest eyes begging to "do him proud." He had a European sense of the occasion as important.

I have since spoken on the same platform with Theodore Roosevelt, with Charles Evans Hughes, and many other eminent men, and I had the honor of being called upon to address the World Congress of Jewish Women that met in Vienna in the former palace of Kaiser Franz Joseph, but, after all, what can compare with being class salutatorian in a Grand Opera House?

The first time I spoke in New York was in 1887 at a meeting of the Women's Health Protective Association at Steinway Hall. By my remarks about the mayor, Hugh Grant, and the

Health Department, I came near breaking up the meeting. The outspoken habits I had acquired in the Golden West were not welcomed, and the president of the association warned me that I would have to be more diplomatic or we would meet with insuperable opposition in getting our health measures passed.

For a woman to speak in public at all was quite an adventure in those days. It was bad enough if what she had to say was perfectly decorous and harmless, but no matter what she had to say, she was likely to be interrupted by both male and female hecklers, demanding to know what was becoming of her home and family while she was gadding about public meetings. The hecklers, of course, had a perfect right to be there.

"I do not ask that women be compelled to go to the polls," I would say, only to be met by a raucous shout of, "Who's mindin' your babies?" "When I speak of sex equality," I would continue, only to be interrupted by a citizen asking me why I did not wear pants. Those were days that tested a suffragist's soul and her fighting

spirit. One was not without danger of personal attack, either, and a number of our speakers had to dodge missiles.

This is one advantage of speaking over the radio. One is immune from heckling or abuse. Radio speaking, too, is vastly more stimulating to me than facing a big audience. I feel that I may be speaking to friends in other cities.

My most dramatic radio moment came to me when I was listening to services of the Rescue Mission in Chinatown being broadcast. The sermon was suddenly interrupted and the speaker, after a few moments, announced that he had just received a telephone call from a lady in a little town in Connecticut who asked that prayers be offered for Sophie Irene Loeb. It was the first word I had received of the death of that valiant worker in human welfare with whom I had served in many a campaign. She knew the East Side and understood its problems. She was able to give people intelligent help.

When the Council of Jewish Women was organized I was sent on a series of speaking tours, and I frequently had to face hostile crowds. The

Council in the 'nineties was regarded as revolutionary, because, no matter what Gentiles did, Jewish women were expected to stay at home and occupy themselves with housekeeping, sewing bees, card playing and tea parties. To have opinions and to voice them was not regarded as good form even in the home. But to have opinions and to speak them out in public meeting! One would have to belong to my generation to understand.

That I braved out this speaking business for so many years was probably due to the fact that the memory of Eva Bettelheim was strong within me. If in the Eighteenth Century she had the courage to defy the customs of female seclusion so firmly insisted upon by Jewish men, what excuse could I make to myself more than a hundred years later if I were to retire in the face of criticism?

My mother before me had also done the unexpected. We Bettelheims are all tremendously proud of the fact that she was the first Jewess to teach school in Hungary, but experience has taught me to know the pain that attached to

such pioneering. When my mother went into the schools it was unheard of for a Jewess to go outside of the home for occupation. What is to-day a matter of course was in those days a subject for head shaking and sour looks. What joy and music there were had to be within the heart.

My mother died when I was so young that most of the things I know about her were told me by my father and older sisters. I remember her as tall, stately, beautiful, and of great dignity. I have felt all through life, somehow, that she has been close to me, protecting me. She gave all of us children our lessons. The day she died I remember my brother Paul running to fetch us. I toddled and could not keep up with the others. Paul picked me up in his arms and carried me.

I have told elsewhere how, when we first went to school in Richmond, my father walked beside us, carrying his books; he, too, was a student; he had entered medical school. In the Bettelheim home school never ended. Even at dinner, it was not unusual to have someone sent upstairs

for the dictionary to decide some debated point of definition.

One of the great trials for me in early school-days was the first hour in a new class. Never have I felt more distressingly in the public eye. I write with the left hand and nothing has ever been able to make me change. Teachers would usually be horrified at the first view of this dangerous radicalism, and the girls would snigger. It was never very difficult to make me cry. Later, my father, wishing to spare me suffering, used to go to new teachers and explain that my left-handedness was a family trait. My brother Felix wrote exactly as I did, although in other respects we were ambidextrous.

My father was in a certain sense a generation ahead of his time, especially in his insistence upon his daughters learning to look out for themselves in the world. I am sure that he wanted us to be married some day, but marriage was not to be the one goal. He probably was paving the way for my later activities in the cause of suffrage when he insisted that we girls should face the world "like men." Possibly he

was transmitting, unconsciously, the matriarchal doctrines that had distinguished his family.

There is wisdom in the old Jewish saying that one must not use the Law as a spade to dig with. This adage referred to the tradition of training rabbis so that they could earn their livelihood outside of the ministry and not have to depend always upon their flock. This is a tradition that is also carried out among royalty, although it is hard to state just what the former monarchs of Europe have done to justify it. My father thought it an excellent idea for women, too.

When I had my Kohut School for Girls years later the wisdom of my father's attitude came back to me in one painful flash. Two students, supposedly the wealthiest and most certainly the most helpless in the school, came to me weeping and begging me to get them jobs. Their father had committed suicide and they were penniless.

Oh, the tragedy of this petty, human pride that renders young women useless for anything but to sit behind a silver service, dispensing tea and small talk! Bringing up the future mothers of men with no knowledge except "social graces."

Turning them into helpless "young ladies." Truly I breathe a sigh of relief, along with their families, when they are "safely married." And I hope for their own sakes that when their husbands die they will be "well provided for." It is all well enough, I suppose, if it works. The trouble is that it doesn't work all the time. And then, what is a "lady" to do?

My own profession, that of teaching, has ever been accorded grudging appreciation. Men instinctively resent the trouble of thinking. Better, as A. E. Housman suggests, "be drunk forever with liquor, love or fights" than face the terror of thought. The teacher, compelling men to think, is man's best friend, and is, from school-days up, regarded as a sort of natural enemy. Better to read about liquor and Texas Guinan, the loves of John Gilbert or the fights of Jack Dempsey, than hurt one's head trying to solve the problem of one's life; trying to get a perspective upon one's place in the world.

Few have lived a more colorful intellectual life than the late G. Stanley Hall; a life full of genuine thrills. He sought to live on every plane,

to gather every kind of experience. Certainly, not many men of our time could be said to be more "alive" than Dr. Hall. Yet his death did not receive nearly as much comment as did the passing of Battling Siki, the Senegambian, which occurred about the same time. Siki was the living epitome of "liquor, love, and fights."

The teacher is seldom in the public eye; the public speaker is there always. And yet, the two jobs are essentially the same. What is public speaking but an attempt to educate an audience to the speaker's viewpoint? An audience is like a class of pupils, listening. If they are listening.

When one has spoken and attracted some attention, amusing things sometimes happen. I recall a visit once paid me by a newspaper reporter. When he opened the door he inquired, "Is your daughter in? I want to interview her." I told him he must be mistaken, as it was probably me he wanted to interview. "Not likely," he said. "I have her photograph." He then produced a photograph which had been taken some fifteen years before. The newspaper had previously asked for a photograph and I had sent the

only one available. The reporter was right, of course, in insisting that there was a difference. But little did he realize the stab in the heart he was giving me. In those fifteen years I had become gray and middle-aged. Nobody had called my attention to it before, and I had not realized it myself. One lives alone with oneself, never noticing what time is doing to one's looks. And then, suddenly out of a clear sky, someone asks, "Is your daughter in?"

But after all, I should have been prepared for it. Some time before a young girl had got up in a street car and offered me her seat. She was kind and considerate, but I could have murdered her. There was I, Rebekah Kohut, in my prime, full of strength, abounding in activity. Indignantly I refused the seat. Then I went home and wept, for I was old. I was old, and there were so many things that I still wanted to do. I had before me all of my unwritten books, my postponed vacations, the travels upon which I had never started. There were multitudes of friends I had intended to cultivate; this charming person and that whom I had met on ship or train or at some

official gathering. And I was old. A girl had offered me her seat in a street car. When I was young men used to do it; the gallant men of the 'eighties. I would have to hurry, groping out for the things I had missed, the unwritten books, the unknown friends.

For years I had no time for friendships that were on a personal basis only. All of my friends sprang from my work and were incidental to my work. I had been a friend to ten thousand, scurrying about, hunting jobs for them, trying to help them with their problems. And, faced with old age, I wondered whether I had one friend in the world, outside of my immediate family. My life was too full of responsibilities after my marriage. The Kohut children, who were nearly my own age, and my sisters took the place of friends. Later there was Dr. Chajes. Since then, in a life that has been full of contacts, I have known the most capable, interesting, and amusing people, and I have enjoyed many hours of companionship with them. I still see them. I enjoy seeing them. But I go on now alone.

CHAPTER XIII: THREE CITIES

RICHMOND in the early 'seventies! Shaded streets, the scent of magnolias and war-time hatreds. "Those damned Yankees." A proud people, glorying in the magic of the name "Virginian." Proud of blood, proud of heroism, proud of tradition. The new rich, the new poor, even the new freeman, yearning back to the old days. Honeysuckle, giant weeping willows, and yearning hearts. All yearning backward. Mansions turning shabby, clothes worn threadbare, soul-torturing economies. An Old World emphasis upon ceremony and formality, an Old World elaboration of courtesy, an Old World charm. A society that held its head high and kept up appearances. The magic of the word "blue-blood." Distinguished and charming individuals. A feeling that, in the next act, the war would turn out to have been a nightmare, and all would

return to their proper rôles: all the ladies belles and all the gentlemen beaux—hard-riding, hard-drinking, hard-fighting, gallant beaux.

There was the worship of aristocracy and its test. For what is aristocracy worth, as Galsworthy asks, if it cannot go through fire? There was the spirit of the stirring days when Richmond was the seat of the Confederacy: when Robert Edward Lee, Jefferson Davis, and Judah P. Benjamin held the center of the stage. Always fresh flowers on the graves of the war dead. Fresh flowers on my mother's grave.

When summer came in Richmond, sometimes bringing almost tropical heat, we children were kept indoors during the day, and allowed to emerge only in the comparative cool of the evening for a walk or games. There were no toys except our hoops, and these we prized. Not plain affairs, if you please, but adorned with ribbons of various colors and tinkling with little golden bells. Usually the presentation of the new hoops took place in the spring, and even before the winter's snow had disappeared we looked forward to the occasion in dreamy ecstasy, vision-

ing brightly adorned circlets and gayly adorned girls.

One day I rolled my hoop too far and found myself separated from the rest of my companions, seemingly miles away from home, in front of a strange, grim-looking building. It was Libby Prison, famous for its stories of Civil War horrors, in a section to which newcomers to Richmond did not go. They did not want to be reminded of what it represented.

It was after dark before I was found. In those days criers went through the streets, ringing bells and shouting, "Child lost! Child lost!" I cannot recall whether they rang the bell for me.

Children used to parody the crier by singing through the streets:

"Child lost, child lost:
Pink eyes, blue hair, yellow dress;
Child lost, child lost!"

I wonder how much noise the bells would make if town criers to-day were to go through the streets, warning us, in case of spiritual loss: "Girl lost! Boy lost!"

The protection that we had as children against being lost spiritually lay in the atmosphere of our home: a Jewish home in which the laws and ceremonies of Judaism were strictly followed. The dietary laws were observed and the Sabbath was ushered in with all formality, according to the customs handed down through the ages.

There were two separate kitchens in our home and the dish cabinet was kept under lock and key until Passover came around. How we loved to look at our cups with their gold bands, and the wineglasses, each with one of our names!

Although Passover and all of the holy days were glorious occasions, the frequent recurrence of the Sabbath made me love it better. The routine established a rhythm in our hearts, in our lives, that stood for happiness. The delightful bustle and excitement over the regular Thursday baking! How good they smelled, those wonderful loaves and cakes, and the mountains of food roasted for the following days. Friday evenings around the candle-lit table were happy occasions, the joy of which even the passing of time could not dim.

This was the picture, not only of the Bettelheim home, but of the Jewish home the world over. And I believe the simple ceremonies, if observed with sincere consecration, must make for better men and women. There is much talk to-day of letting children grow up without religion and permitting them to choose their religion when they have reached the age of reason. But while reason plays an important part in theology, it is not a religious emotion. Religion, like love, and religion *is* love, comes from the need of the heart. Both are beyond reason and superior to it. In love, we love a person first, and possibly we try to find an explanation for it later. Sometimes we cannot find it. Our emotion is something that we cannot rationalize. In religion we love God first, last, and always. But love of God and human love can perish swiftly through neglect. And neglect of religion in the home means its death.

“Lost boy! Lost girl!” The bells are ringing everywhere to-day with a deafening noise. But parents are not listening. They hear the click of the stock exchange ticker, the jazz strains of

the dance orchestras, the latest quotations on bootleg liquor, the call of the golf links, the roar of the great cities, but they do not know where their children are, or what their children are thinking. There are no prayers on rising, there is no blessing of food, no evening service in the synagogue. The children do not see their fathers at worship. There are no prayers. Men have sons, but no sons to pray for them.

“Lost boy! Lost girl!” In Richmond of the ’seventies the criers would not have kept us awake with their shouts and bell-ringing if spiritual loss were meant. All children, Jew and Gentile, were safeguarded more easily then than to-day. I do not mean that amid the fragrance of old Richmond there did not lurk the serpent of sin. But, just as a practical matter, what opportunity was there, even if one were sinfully inclined? Religion and religious observations dominated all life.

Christians then seemed to recognize that we all worshiped the one God, Jehovah, even if we Jews did not accept the story of the Christian Messiah. We all based our morality upon the

Ten Commandments. At Christian funeral services I felt quite at home when the minister would quote the Psalms of David and call upon the God of Israel for mercy upon His people.

I have told elsewhere of the friendship that existed between my father and Cardinal Gibbons, then Bishop of Richmond, and of how representatives of all sects attended the services after my mother's death. In Richmond in the 'seventies we were a people united spiritually. We were as close to the ideal of America that I have in my heart as I have ever known people to be. It was a glorious atmosphere for growing boys and girls.

But it was not all idyllic. There were two warring families in the city, the Rosenbaums and the Millhisers, who carried on conflict, like the Capulets and Montagues, in which all friends of one family or the other were expected to take sides. The feud was an economic one, and it continued until the third generation.

We Bettelheim girls were friends of the daughters of the Rosenbaum family. There were no

Millhiser girls, but Philip Millhiser was my brother Felix's chum.

My best friend in Richmond was Daisy Rosenbaum. When I think of our two families I am disposed to paraphrase the old song and say that every little Bettelheim had a Rosenbaum all her own. There were enough in each family to go around. We did not pick by size or ages, but it seemed that each Bettelheim got the Rosenbaum she desired and vice versa. The younger Rosenbaums came to visit us at our home in Marshall Street and played in our back yard. We cultivated dogs, cats, birds, pickaninnies, but no flowers. I loved to visit the Rosenbaum home in Grace Street because in the back yard flowers abounded, and, what was more, it had its own private magnolia tree.

I cannot think of magnolias without thinking of the Rosenbaum's back yard. On my last trip to Europe, while at Hertenstein, the beautiful Swiss village on Lake Lucerne, I ecstatically recalled the Rosenbaum magnolia. We were walking from the Schloss Hotel, where the refugee

Kaiser Karl had stayed, to Weggis. By the roadside bloomed a magnolia tree.

With me the magnolia has always been a strong psychological factor. Aside from its beauty and fragrance, it brings back the saddened happiness of our young lives and the nostalgia for other days. It spells a whole chapter in my life that I can live again only through reminiscence. We all have spiritual keystones to our spiritual arch. I remember Marcel Proust's fancy of how a little cake always evoked a whole chapter of childhood with a thousand faces and details. Few of us who ever lived are blessed with the memory of Proust, but we all have something that recalls times that are lost.

Red hair is another thing that recalls Richmond to me. Once, at a committee reception in City Hall, New York, I found my thoughts wandering back to Virginia in reverie, evoked by the sight of Mayor Hylan's auburn thatch. There was, of course, a reason for this evocation. It went back to a childhood episode.

I had been sent to a neighbor on an errand and I was in a hurry to get back. When I arrived

the neighbor's family had just begun to eat dinner, and they insisted upon my staying. I could not refuse, and, as the delicious fragrance of the soup reached my nostrils, I felt it might be just as well not to refuse. But it developed they had not invited me to eat; merely to stay and talk to them while they ate. And how they did eat! And how I suffered! Each succeeding dish gave off an aroma more delicious and provocative than the last. It was exquisite torture. Finally I broke down under it.

The whole family were red-headed and my eyes concentrated upon those red heads with rising rage. Suddenly I screamed, "I hate you all, you and every red hair in your heads!" With that I burst out of the room, out of the house, and into the street, crying.

I was not through with the affair; they complained to my father, who had it out with me. Too ashamed to admit that it was hunger that caused my outburst, I held strongly to the assertion that I could not stand red hair; it made me nervous; I lost control if I were exposed too long to the sight of it. It became recognized in

the household that I had developed a phobia against red hair. I encouraged this recognition as a silly girl might, because it gave me a sort of distinction. But now I am quite old enough to be honest about it, so the truth comes out. I really have no prejudice against red hair. I like it, for its own beauty, and because it brings back to me memories of Richmond.

I think of the little log cabins there, back of almost every house. The cabins were the quarters of the Negro servants. While my father held that "all God's chillun" had equal rights, there was an unwritten law that nobody must trespass on the property of our help. The little colored children, however, fascinated me so much that I used to risk being disciplined in order that I might go and play with them instead of remaining in our own part of the flowerless garden.

But Richmond was not all gardens and magnolias. We had snow there, and when it came everybody was always unprepared and not a little surprised. The legend of "the sunny South" persists far north of Florida. Like Italy, the South is theoretically certain that cold weather

never comes. If it does come the thing to do is to shiver and ignore it, or speak of the balmy sun. So vital is the legend of warmth that our army constructed its Southern Camp buildings for the soldiers and snows of 1917 on Philippine Island models. The theory seems to have been that the tropics began just below the Potomac River.

In the Richmond of my childhood the snow became a civic emergency. All the women hurriedly drew moth-eaten woolen stockings out of the ancient chests for the men to wear *over* their shoes. Rubbers were unknown to us in the 'seventies. But, fortunately, heavy snow was rare.

We Bettelheims did not know what weather really could be until, in 1875, we moved on to San Francisco, where we could enjoy winter, summer, spring, and autumn all in one day, and be swept from the Arctic to the Equator within a few hours.

We moved from a city settled, sedate, and conventionalized; a city where the atmosphere was of retrospect. Richmond was as proud as

Rome of its sacred traditions, as jealous as Paris of its background of culture. San Francisco in the 'seventies had no time to look back. It was a city "on the make." People were not concerned with what they once had: they were gambling on the future. New fortunes were being made every day and new residential sections were erected overnight. Yesterday's poor were to-morrow's rich. Men spent gold profusely. Huge silver dollars clanked everywhere. "The Great American Dollar."

Here was the hurly-burly, rough, frank and free atmosphere of the New World, where men slapped each other on the back instead of bowing formally upon meeting; where the population was heterogeneous and democratic. "Family" did not have its Richmond meaning yet. The family was "the missus and the kids." Not that there wasn't an attempt at aristocracy. Forty-niners who had found gold had ensconced themselves in gorgeous palaces, and their ladies were trying to make them play the eastern game of looking down upon people of uncertain backgrounds. But the big men were usually

rough and ready "mixers." And they were geniuses for getting things done. A new school, a new art gallery? Up it went! Adventurers of all sorts from all countries kept coming in. Intellectuals galore, gentlefolk no end, keen eager minds; cosmopolitans.

The Virginians themselves were caught in the sweep of it, so that in a later day America was not to think of the Virginian in the terms of Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, but in the terms of the western hero of Owen Wister's novel: "When you call me that, smile."

They had come; they were still coming to San Francisco from all places. The Harvard accent mingled with the Texas drawl. French Canadians tried to understand Louisiana French and vice versa. The absentee "r" of the East lined up with the burring "r" of the Middle West. The literati mingled with the illiterati, and wrote about them. From the Orient they came: strange yellow men, centering in Chinatown; already regarded as a menace. The Golden Gate looked out upon the Pacific; steamships were replacing the sidewheelers. Everywhere was color: in the

people, in the houses, in the flowers, in the atmosphere.

Richmond had been a city of romance, attuned to the stately rhythm of the bygone minuet. Romance in San Francisco had back of it the mad recklessness of the Gold Rush, the fiery spirituality of Spanish missions, the darkly frenzied dances of the Barbary Coast. The city transformed people, while they transformed the city.

Here came we Bettelheims; out of Hungary by way of Philadelphia and Richmond, to the golden city.

Gold! That was the keynote. I was too young to appreciate the romance of the city; the sunrise color of it grows more vivid in retrospect. But as a child I understood what motivated all of the amazing energies of the people there. Gold! Or, in the popular word of later days, prosperity. Prosperity that meant power, security, freedom from worry, culture, vacations, happiness. Prosperity that was to become the watchword of America. Here was the struggle for prosperity in full swing. Here was the struggle that I was to

see years later, fought in a different setting: the struggle of the teeming hordes of the East Side of New York out of the muck and up!

It seems only a few years ago that James Gibbons Huneker, returning to New York after a long absence in Europe, remarked that the city, while he was away, had developed a decidedly Semitic cast of countenance. He thought it a good thing for the city. There, like the true cosmopolitan he was, he found himself in violent disagreement with great masses of his fellow citizens. Discontent with the changing aspect of New York had long been expressed by the descendants of the older families, but on the whole, their outlook was too broad to manifest itself in prohibitive action. New Yorkers, knowing many people of many races, are, by and large, tolerant. As Charles Lamb said, you can't hate a man if you really know him. And the New York boy, sitting side by side in the public schools with the children of immigrants—Jewish, Italian, Greek, Armenian, Swedish, Irish, Hungarian, Spanish, Bohemian, Polish, German, and what not—usually learns to treat people as people, and

to become one with them. He recognizes a man "is a man for a' that and a' that." Where racial hatred, especially against the Jews, is most cultivated in New York is among people of narrow social contacts, generally among the wealthy in the atmosphere of private schools and exclusive clubs, and, more intensively, among their women. But the man in the street knows better.

It probably never would have occurred to the tolerant New Yorker to set in motion the restrictions upon immigration that have been so markedly leveled at the Jews and at the Mediterranean peoples. The impulse had to come from outside of the city and, for better or worse, prohibition of immigration, like prohibition of liquor, is with us to-day. The difference is that the prohibition of immigration actually works.

The quota law discriminations remain as a cruel blow to me; to the belief that was instilled into me in childhood, that America was the asylum for the oppressed of Europe. That must now be revised to read, provided the oppressed are "Nordics," or thereabouts.

The quota law strikes deep into the heart of the Americanism upon which my generation was raised. And back of it is a complex of hatreds that grows more clear with the years. In its broadest sense it is the conflict between the city and the farm, and it has been dramatized for the benefit of the rural-minded as the conflict between vice and virtue. To the city are ascribed all vices; to the country, all that is good and sweet and clean and holy. And no city has been pictured as more wicked than New York. One can imagine a rural preacher crying out:

“New York! The modern Babylon! The city of scarlet sin! New York! Governed by the Pope through his emissaries in Tammany Hall, debauched by Jewish theatrical managers, intoxicated by Italian speakeasy proprietors, financed in wickedness by international Jewish bankers. New York! The city of stick-up men, racketeers, dope fiends and Jezebels. New York! The breeding place of crime, salacious literature, and immorality. New York! The city of the Jews! If our young men and women are being led astray, who is responsible? The Bolsheviks! The Jews!

“New York! The modern Sodom and Gomorrah! Not really part of America at all. God of Israel, who art all-merciful, defend us from the Jews! O Thou who art all love and compassion, fill our hearts with hatred of the Jews! O, Thou who didst send Thy Son, a Jew, to save mankind, destroy the Jews! And deliver us from all evil. Amen!”

The familiar statement that New York is “not really part of America at all,” a statement commonly made by visiting writers as well as natives, has been answered by that shrewd commentator, Robert Benchley, in an illuminating article in the *Yale Review*. Mr. Benchley scorns the notion that virtue and “the real American” reside in the Middle West and not in New York. He declares that the Middle West exists, in mass, in “an enormous city above One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, where life is, with the exception of a certain congestion in living quarters, exactly the same life as in Muncie, Indiana, or Quincy, Illinois. For the inhabitants of this city have come direct from Muncie and Quincy and have never become assimilated into

the New York of the commentators. It is not even picturesque, as the East Side is picturesque. It is a melting pot where the ingredients refuse to melt. . . . Up in the Heights and beyond, as well as in the side streets further down town, there are hundreds of thousands of men and women who go to bed at ten o'clock for the same reason that residents of Dodge City, Kansas, go to bed at ten o'clock—because they can't think of anything else to do, and because they have to be up at seven. . . . Whatever mysterious qualities the Middle Westerner has which fit him for the rôle of 'real American,' his brother in New York possesses to an equal degree, although with perhaps not quite so much volubility. . . . He cannot be called a 'typical New Yorker' because there is no such thing, but if the man seen in the Middle West by the visiting writers is a 'typical American,' then this man is one too. Furthermore, he is the product of not one section of the country but of all sections. All of which would seem to give New York a right to claim that within its boundaries alone can be found the real composite America. But New York does not apparently

care enough to make such a claim, which lack of civic pride and booster-spirit is perhaps the most un-American thing about New York."

It is quite true that the New Yorker, Jew or Gentile, is himself too tolerant to pay much heed to these tirades from the provinces.

The Jews in New York are too busy to hear anything but distant echoes of these tragically ridiculous tirades. Or, hearing them, they cannot believe that there are Americans who actually think like that. The Jew may laugh at the burlesque-show antics of a Billy Sunday, or feel a sense of compassion for the congregations addressed by a John Roach Straton, but he cannot envisage American adults on such a depraved mental plane as their ministers. Not until he sees the actual results of such preachments.

Then—and then is now—he tends to draw close to his own people. The Jewish race has always thrived on persecution. And the past forty years in New York have shown that the Jewish individual thrives on opportunity.

The Russian Jew builds skyscrapers, directs

clothing factories, makes music, listens to it, ministers to the sick, produces motion pictures, argues in court rooms. The German Jew owns the mercantile establishments, caters to the department stores, directs banking institutions, operates jewelry shops and restaurants. The Spanish Jew, what there is left of him, is in import and export. But it is becoming more and more impossible to make these distinctions. With widening opportunities the Jew ceases to fall easily into trade categories.

Historically, the Jew was, in Europe, a trader and money lender; a trader primarily in jewelry and textiles, because those were goods that could be moved easily, and the Jew lived in fear of confiscation of property; a money lender because the Catholic Church had designated the acceptance of interest on loans as a sin, and, since everyone needed loans from time to time and everyone except the Jew was a Catholic, the Jew, untroubled by Papal scruples, fell heir to the business. Most Jewish congregations, however, frowned upon this business as contrary to Biblical injunction.

People who get themselves into debt usually develop a bitter hatred of those to whom they are indebted, and the literary men of England have done much to embitter the English-speaking world by their ever recurring portrayals of Jewish money lenders. We cannot tolerate those to whom we owe anything.

Historic trades were those that Jews turned to naturally in the New World. The garment makers' industry became a Jewish industry. The three golden balls above a pawnshop usually meant that a Jew was inside. But the young people realized that the historical precedents of Europe were made to be broken in America. The New World was theirs! They seized it with a sense of discovery. So eagerly, swiftly, anxiously did they seize it that slower, more phlegmatic peoples shrank back in dismay. The Jew was "pushy"; and there was some truth in the accusation. The Jew had his choice, either to stay in Old World seclusion within the ghetto, or to fight his way out. He fought—there is no doubt about it. But the only weapons he had to use were his brains and his industry. When the

rest of the world was developing mailed fists and winning battles on the football field at Eton and dying *pour l'empereur*, the Jew had to learn to survive by sheer mental capacity. In order to be even with his competitor he had to be much better, much keener. He could not rely upon "pull." He could not count upon "family." If he had charm of personality it was not a commercial asset. He had to make himself badly needed in order to get an even chance. He had to have "push."

The quick, flashing road to success that the theater offers appealed to many East Side adventurers. Frequently they began in the theater as children. Gus Edwards was one of the pioneers and his own boyhood success led him to start his Kiddie Reviews and brought Eddie Cantor and George Jessel to the stage. Al Jolson came from Washington, where his father was a rabbi. In general outline, his own story was dramatized by Samson Raphaelson in *The Jazz Singer*. Fannie Brice, Nora Bayes, Sophie Tucker, the Marx Brothers: all of these glittering people who came from nowhere to become stars. Comedians,

mostly. They followed in the path paved with the comicalities of Weber and Fields, Sam Bernard, Louis Mann, and the early Warfield. Like Warfield, they nearly all had the quality of pathos mixed with laughter. But it was only Warfield who carried this talent into the field of serious drama. And somehow, important recognition in the theatrical world has usually been reserved for tragic actors. The names of those Jewish tragediennes, Bernhardt and Rachel, ring in our ears as synonyms of theatrical greatness.

As I write I am told that serious drama is dying, and that it would be dead as far as New York is concerned were it not for the efforts of the Theatre Guild, that remarkable organization in which Jewish participation has played such an important part.

The outcry raised by the pulpit thunderers of hinterland mentality against certain vulgarities of the theater usually takes the form of an anti-Semitic tirade. One of these days one of these Jew haters may come forth with the dreadful charge that the Jewish directorate of the Theatre

Guild is trying to improve the drama, or that Daniel Frohman is plotting to provide for the last days of infirm and destitute actors and actresses.

In the midst of this theatrical Broadway is a little center of another industry; the publication of popular music. It is called "Tin Pan Alley." Here, in the neighborhood of Forty-sixth, -seventh and -eighth streets, reign the men who write the country's songs; the songs that nightly are broadcast over the radio; to which people dance in distant places; those tunes which are inescapably popular, that follow you about if you travel, in Paris, London, Berlin, Melbourne, Shanghai, Cairo, Johannesburg. And king of them all is Irving Berlin, the East Side boy who sang his way to popularity through the days when he was a waiter in "Nigger Mike's"; a genius for reflecting popular emotion.

It is amusing to note that most of these writers and singers of "mammy" songs, who long so loudly to be taken back to the dear old shack in Georgia, Tennessee, or any point south of the Mason-Dixon line, have seldom been farther

than the Battery. The dear old shack of their birthplace was generally either in a European ghetto or in one of the tenements of the East Side, where the large family crowded into small dark rooms and hung its wash in the front fire escapes.

"Tin Pan Alley" has become as distinctly a Jewish place as the huge new garment center that has risen in recent years below Thirty-ninth Street. But instead of an outpouring of melody, we hear in the garment center an outpouring of Yiddish. Here the factory has impinged upon the very heart of the amusement center, and the great hordes of immigrants, crowding the streets after their day's work, obstruct the passage of the pleasure seekers. They are a loud-speaking, vociferous crew, these factory workers, and so numerous that they give the impression to one arriving in New York by way of Pennsylvania Station that the whole city is Jewish. I read, "There are more Jews here in New York than were in Jerusalem before the Dispersion." But that ought not to alarm anyone. There are also in New York more Frenchmen than there were in

Paris at the same time, more Englishmen than were in London, more Italians than in Rome, more Germans than in Berlin.

But if New York is not Jewish, it has distinctly Jewish centers. Forty years ago there was just one of great importance, the old East Side. I have said that the East Siders always moved out as rapidly as possible. Where did they go to? The more prosperous ones to West End Avenue, Riverside Drive, throughout the upper West Side. Great numbers emigrated to Brooklyn and the Bronx. Brownsville and East New York became predominantly Jewish. Jews swarmed into the suburban-type houses in Borough Park, Bath Beach, Bensonhurst, and in the last fifteen years they have turned Coney Island from a summer amusement center into a populous all-year-round residential district.

Sensitiveness has always caused the Jews to flock together. When the first big waves of immigration started the immigrants "sought their brethren" and found companions in misery in the tenements, and misery loved its own company so much that it refused to leave. Before

the movement to the suburbs began a campaign of education was necessary. But once people were induced to try the outlying districts, there was a rush.

No other race in the course of recorded history has wandered as much. While they may have had their origin, acquired their vision of racial identity and spiritual unity, in the nomadic life of the Eastern desert, they did not prefer deserts; they were always ready to cease wandering when they could settle peacefully by the shores of the sea. Not a seafaring people in the same sense, say, as the Norsemen or the New Bedford whalers, circumstances made great sea travelers of them; they were notable for embarking on long voyages in the hardy and perilous ages of ocean travel. Members of their race played their part in the high days of the opening of the old trade routes.

Possibly a race memory of the shores of the sea stirs in the hearts of the Jews as they go seeking sunshine along the ocean fronts near New York. From the tenements they have gone to sunlit homes near the long stretches of white

sand from the Rockaways to Long Beach and along the Jersey coast. There their children, glowing with the tang of the salt air, invigorated by exercise in the open, filled with the energy of health, are developing physically into the new type of American Jew, of which I spoke in my opening chapter. Look at them there on the beaches, these amazing new children of Israel! See the ripple of their muscles, the athletic grace of movement, their splendid bodies bronzed in the sun. Look at the color in their cheeks, the laughter in their eyes! There is an early Greek freedom and lightness about them, as if they had tossed away the burden of two thousand years of oppression. They have come from ghetto darkness into the sunshine!

CHAPTER XIV: IN THE SUN

AS I begin my last chapter I recall that when I started to write my first book, *My Portion*, the rain was beating down in the courtyard of the New York apartment house in which I live, creating an illusion that the downpour was enveloping every spot with which my life had been associated. Now, as I sit at my desk, the sun is rising; its sparkling arms reach out to embrace the city; the towering apartments across the park emerge from the shadows radiant in gold. I see this same sunshine piercing swordlike through the hovering mists of early morning in San Francisco, its warming beams are nourishing my beloved magnolias in the soft red earth of Richmond, its glinting rays are brightening the white, toylike cottages of the Hungarian villages in the land of my birth. There is glory in the world, and young hope.

In glory, I had hoped one time to leave this

world. In the fullness of my strength, in the midst of my activities, I was stricken with illness, and I said, "My time has come; I shall soon be gathered to my fathers." I was calmly reconciled to my fate. To live, I thought, with a steady decline of power, a weakening of my whole being, would be something that one might well avoid. Better to end in my prime.

I made preparations: my will; my accounts in order; I went over my things, sorting them. In an old trunk, unopened for years, I found all sorts of treasures. There was the glass with his name on it from which my beloved brother Felix used to drink: Felix, the handsome and brilliant one, dead at twenty-nine. There were pieces of embroidery made by my mother with loving care; glorious flowers in shaded silk; intricate designs of an artist in needlework. There were a series of books of pressed flowers, mementoes of the days when I used to go, with my classmates Emma Wolf and Claris Hobart and Olga Mandlebaum, into the country outside of San Francisco on botany excursions, touring the hills of Sausalito and San Rafael, intent upon having complete

collections of every flower that grew. I looked over the yellow pages, seeing through my tears the fine, clear schoolgirl hand in which I had carefully documented my discoveries. I was ill, not long for this world and content about it; but if Mephistopheles had suddenly appeared in smoke and flame, while I looked over those botany books and offered me a season of Sunday holidays with Emma Wolf in the Sausalito hills in exchange for my immortal soul, I would have sealed the compact then and there. Yellow poppies, maidenhair fern, light, dancing footsteps, youth!

There was a piece of my sister Esther's wedding veil; there, the medal made out of a trade dollar, given to me for being "a good girl" in school; there a photostat of my mother's Hungarian diploma, certifying her to teach school. Carefully tied together were the precious letters that Alexander Kohut had written to me, and letters that I prized from Jacob H. Schiff, Solomon Schechter, Gustav Gottheil, and Claude G. Montefiore.

A smile broke through my tears as I picked

from the trunk an old book by E. P. Roe, *He Fell in Love with His Wife*. Critics of to-day would, I suppose, condemn it as sentimental trash; they are severe on the popular romances over which we used to weep in the 'eighties. But this particular volume of *He Fell in Love with His Wife* is priceless, because it was selected by my husband, solely because of its title. It was the second book he read in English.

What was I to do with those precious things? Outside of the photostat of my mother's diploma which had a certain historical value as a mark of the emergence of the Jewess, they were meaningless to anyone but me. I fondled them, clung to them, sobbed and laughed over them. The sunshine had gone out of the world, but here was a memory of it. The night had come; the endless night of eternity was approaching. I would just hug this trunkful of treasures and pass quietly into the darkness.

My physician reproached me for not making a fight for life. If the will to live were gone, he warned me, there was no hope. "May I work?" I asked. It appeared that even that might be

possible after a long, long rest, and a slow convalescence. I would have to take things easily.

It did not seem worth trying. What was the use of attempting to go ahead with all the brakes on? Even when my machine had been running free and clear I had not advanced very far; now, why encourage me to go on when I could never do as well again?

Work, after all, was the thing that had given life meaning. To have it taken away was tragedy. I was always deeply impressed with the fate that hung over Oswald in Ibsen's *Ghosts*: the boy knowing that his mind was gradually going and realizing that he could never do the work he had planned.

Now I, who had always tried to look after other people, would have to have people looking after me. The purpose of my life had been to serve; now, at length, I would have to be served by others. I prayed to God to take me quickly: to take me before I was helpless. The future had ceased to interest me. I sat, clinging to my little keepsakes, living in the past. As I fondled them my physician, dear Dr. Stieglitz, kept insisting

upon the necessity for my finding some occupation that would interest me. Why not write down the things that I used to talk of? After all, I had lived a life different from that of most people. I had known the old South, the growing West, the cosmopolitan East. I had seen America develop from a nation concerned almost exclusively with its own affairs to a commanding world power. I was a woman who had come from the seclusion of the Jewish home to take my part in the life of the community. Perhaps other people would be interested in my story. Thus came the idea of a book.

Writing a book! My imagination caught fire. Always about me there had been the atmosphere of books. My father had wielded a trenchant pen. My husband's life and strength had been devoted to his great work. My son George was already an author of some distinction, and, secretly, I had cherished the idea of some day winning fame as an author myself. But, feminist that I am, I had a female humility about it. The work of the men of my family had been of a learned quality to which I could not aspire. Still,

I had my story to tell, and, as Byron said in one of his most courageous rhymes, "It's nice to have a book in print, even if there's nothing in't."

So I started to write. I took it up as if it were a secret vice. Even from members of my family I withheld the announcement of my new ambition. But secrecy is something alien to my nature; keeping quiet about things never has been my strong point. Still I went to great lengths of duplicity to hide my dark doings. I let it appear that I was engaged in extensive correspondence. Gradually, however, the news begun to get about. It was not in me to keep the secret. I was writing a book!

"Tell me what it's all about," friends would demand. I wonder if they realize that telling them is doing the work all over again. And that is a painful task for a writer: it partakes of the pain of creation. So more and more I shut myself off from people. For the first time in an agitated life, I had leisure to reflect. I retraced my path through the world from early days, days in which I had to hurry along, but now I gazed enchantedly upon the scenery on both sides of the path-

way. I lived my life again, and with it, part of the life of my generation. The result was *My Portion*.

I did not have a title when I finished that book, but after the long strain of composition was over I thought of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's remark upon completing a long-delayed work, and it occurred to me that "Finished, thank God!" would have been as good a title as any. Yet a book is not really finished until it has been safely printed and bound between covers. There was editing to be done. In this task I had the invaluable coöperation of Harry Bernstein, that writer of exceptional promise and journalist of wide experience in New York and Paris; a keen, sympathetic, yet rigorous editor.

The book was published. And I was an author! The excitement of it buoyed me up where medicine had failed. The doctor's prescription had worked. Hundreds of individuals communicated with me. Old friends with whom I had lost touch wrote and called; shook the dust from many old stories and added new chapters. I found myself talking again. And while a Bettelheim can talk she has enough happiness to live by.

Still, an author has responsibilities. Once a book is out, the query arises, "What next?" The repetition of the query eventually turns itself into a demand. At least we who write always hope there is a demand.

At this moment I become intensely aware of three distinct civilizations in my life, merging so that they no longer have distinctness, but overlap each other.

The Jewish civilization. Back to the nomad tribes, through the glories and disasters of Israel with its kings and prophets and learned men. Fortitude in the face of peril. Rich contributions made to the spiritual life of the world in spite of the world's hostility; contributions that cannot be subtracted or detached from the sum total of human achievement. The sure haven of the synagogue. I think that some day from out of one of these temples there will come a new Moses to lead our people until the Messiah comes. The glories of Israel will once more shine forth radiant throughout the world.

Much has been said about Israel's mission. It is a fallacious notion that the Jews are a chosen

people, though many of them do so regard themselves. If they have been chosen for anything it is to suffer and to carry the message of one God, but they have not done this consciously, as an abstract ideal with a collective communal feeling that their religion was the best and must not perish from the earth. Rather, it was a personal feeling, with each individual so bound up in his God that he could not part from Him for the sake of personal advantage or personal safety. It was the intense personal feeling of the individual Jew for his Creator that kept him unswervingly for Judaism.

This is my Jewish side. Then there is the European. Although I may not consciously remember my few short years as an infant in Hungary, yet the Old World is part of my psychology, and I have since filled up the picture, from what my family told me, from what I have read, and from what I later experienced in frequent visits. Hungary, with its history of a thousand years, its Magyar, Oriental and Slavic roots, its color, music, traditions, greatness and pettiness, lives somehow within me. When I first visited there

I felt as if I were going to a home that I had always known in dreams.

America is the country in which I have passed the whole of my conscious life, to whose ideals and institutions I have devoted myself. America has been good to me; it has given me something to love. I am glad that my youth corresponded with its great era of liberalism, when expansion of the soul went apace with expansion of territory and activities.

I cannot imagine having for any other place the peculiar affection I have for Virginia. And after Virginia there was no finer place in which to spend one's youth than the growing West, and of all places in that West, San Francisco. That was America in the making! I saw it made in my lifetime. And I loved it with heart and soul. But loving it to-day becomes a more complicated problem. It frightens me sometimes, while it fascinates me always. The earlier life I can love without reservations, not only the memory of it but the actuality of it. The splendid people I met! The sincerity of their belief in liberty and in tolerance! Our progress to-day is clearly

visible in many directions. But enthusiasms of youth frequently turn to despair. Spiritually, we are subject to shifting winds. It seems for a time as if all is lost, as if we shall never recover that fine spirit and liberal attitude that we once had.

Now, as I just paused from writing to go to the window, I found a pale gauze had drawn itself across the sky. The sun enters my study between the curtains more like a fall of mist than a beam of light. What has happened? Have the heavens changed? Has the sun gone behind a drift of cloud never to shine again? Of course not, foolish one, I tell myself. Of course the sun will shine again. The heavens are eternally the same. Clouds may come scurrying up with the wind and darken the horizon, the shape of the clouds may be different, no two sunsets are ever alike, but the heavens are the same to-day as they were on thousands of yesterdays.

Do real changes take place in life? Are the changes one witnesses from generation to generation nothing more than fleeting clouds that alter the aspect of the sky for a moment, and then pass and leave it the same? Hardly. Human

beings are not nebulous. These clouds sail by, leaving no imprint upon the blue that they have temporarily obscured. But human beings do leave something. Each generation passes on to the next a residue of something that has not yet quite been, and so the next generation starts out with something that no previous generation has possessed. Necessarily, the new generation must be different. Life must be different.

People to-day are more and more driven to reflect upon the past. The world is changing so rapidly that almost in desperation we cling to whatever of the past we can, thinking that by dwelling upon it we can keep the spirit of change from overwhelming us.

Our forefathers, living in times that did not change swiftly within a generation, devoted most of their speculation to a future life. To-day there is so much going on that speculation upon the future life finds small place in it. People are in such a rush about everything that they have no time for prayer, they have no time for God, yet the only persons I know in whose eyes shines happiness are those who cling steadfastly to

the comforts and consolations of religion. They follow one light that guides them to spiritual security. Unlike their fellow men who try to gaze squarely into the million lights that are flashing before us to-day, they are not dazzled, they do not stagger drunkenly, they are not spiritually blind.

THE END



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